SPARE TIRES

by
ROY L.
SMITH

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SPARE TIRES

WORKS BY

ROY L. SMITH

Pastor, Simpson M. E. Church, Minneapolis

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Spare Tires

AND OTHER ESSAYS

By
ROY L. SMITH,
D.D., Litt.D.
Pastor, Simpson Methodist Episcopal Church, Minneapolis, Minn.

With Introduction by
EDWIN MARKHAM
Author, "The Man with the Hoe," "Lincoln and Other Poems," etc.

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INTRODUCTION

A WORD ABOUT "SPARE TIRES"

THE Church is in transition: she is passing out of mere individualism into a deeper sense of her social mission.

Roy Smith is one of her most eloquent and courageous sons, and he is an outstanding leader in the ministry of the new age. It is a ministry that is destined to lift religion out of the fog of theology, and show it to be a vital and pulsing thing, a beautiful and necessary thing in the life of every man who would live the life of reason.

His message appeals to all men—to brakemen and plowmen and miners and carpenters, as well as to teachers and scholars. He shows that a man must not only make a living but also make a life worth living.

Roy Smith is dynamic and debonair; hence his volumes are not old-style sermons, pompous and prosy. They leap, they live, they soar, they sing. They do not deal with a dead past. He does not offer us a chain of extinct volcanoes. Instead, he offers us a Gospel that will help men in their daily struggles. He comes to rebuild broken walls, to relight extinguished lamps. He moves along the brittle edge of the moment.

EDWIN MARKHAM.

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PREFACE

WHEN a minister stands in his pulpit and preaches to his people it is usually a very formal occasion. His listeners are dressed in their best clothes and have come to the sanctuary in a mood to listen. They will stay, even if they are not interested, though they may never come again. They are separated from the speaker by a considerable distance and the presence of the crowd makes the message impersonal and general.

The radio audience is not so. There is no formality about the occasion. Part of the audience is in dress suits while others are in overalls, shirt sleeves, pajamas or bath-robes, over in the next house or the next state. They listen because they are interested and not for politeness' sake. Therefore the man who talks over the radio must undertake to be interesting every moment. His message must be so constructed that those who tune in when it is half over will hear something interesting in the first sentence. If they do not—a simple twist of the wrist and they are a thousand miles away. The

loud-speaker stands on the library table and the speaker, instead of being seventy feet away, up in a pulpit, is not five feet away. There is no crowd present and the listener has the feeling that he is being talked to personally.

For these reasons the man who talks regularly over the radio soon establishes a very intimate relationship with his unseen audience. I know of hundreds of families who habitually call me "Roy" because of this radio-acquaintanceship who have never seen me personally or had any other introduction. The loud-speaker makes the speaker a member of the family circle.

Each Saturday night at about eight o'clock, for a period of nearly five years, I have spoken over WCCO, the Gold Medal station in Minneapolis-St. Paul. The chapters which follow are presented in exactly the form they were given to that vast unseen audience. No attempt has been made to re-write for literary form, but the epigrammatic style is preserved just as it was used in the spoken address. Perhaps directness and informality will atone, in part, for the lack of literary style and polish.

My deep appreciation is hereby expressed to Dr. Halford E. Luccock, contributing editor of the

Methodist *Advocates,* for permission to use "Not Good if Detached," which had previously appeared in those periodicals; and to Mr. Merle Thorpe, editor of *The Nation's Business,* for permission to use "God in Business," which appeared recently in that magazine.

Moreover, most cordial thanks are hereby expressed to those thousands of listeners who have written me. By their comments I have discovered which talks have been more helpful, for "by the mail ye shall know them."

R. L. S.

Simpson Methodist Church,
Minneapolis, Minnesota.

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I

SPARE TIRES

FAR up in the north woods of Minnesota, twenty-two miles from a settlement, I came upon a big motor car stalled at the side of the road. As I drove up the driver hailed me, and I stopped alongside.

"What size tire do you carry?" he inquired.

"Thirty by five-seventy-seven, balloon," I replied.

"It won't fit," he groaned. "Here we are, twenty-two miles from a garage, with a blow-out and no spare tire!"

There was nothing I could do but promise to send someone back from the next town with repairs, and as I drove on down the beautiful gravelled highway I meditated upon the subject of spare tires.

They do not add to the beauty of the car; they involve extra expense and they are very seldom used. But a spare tire serves one good purpose—it takes a load off the mind of the driver.

Much of the world's trouble arises from a lack of spare tires. We get along splendidly under average circumstances, but we surrender to emergencies.

Most banks are safe in times of prosperity. Most men are honest most of the time. Four tires are enough when all is going well. A ninety horsepower motor uses all its power only on rare occasions. It is the run on the bank, the sudden temptation, the sandy stretch in the road, the unexpected strain that breaks us.

Success depends upon the forces we are able to muster in an hour of special temptation or unusual danger—the powers we are able to command in an emergency. The successful man is the one who is not overcome by the unusual and unexpected.

"I can't see that my college education has prepared me for anything in particular," complained a youth of twenty-two, just out of the university. He did not seem to realize that he had spent four years equipping himself with a good spare tire.

A business man who employs hundreds of young men recently declared, "My experience has taught me that the average college man has been trained to think. When he enters a business, because of inexperience he is compelled to begin just where all the rest begin. But, because his college has taught him to use his mind, when he gets into a tight place he knows how to think himself out. This is the reason why college men forge ahead of the non-college men after the first year or two."

The trained man may not have any more talent than the untrained man, but he has a spare tire for emergencies. He has learned to think for himself.

A bright young attorney with a shiny brief-case and a couple of law-books that still smelled of printer's ink, found himself engaged on a difficult case and pitted against a veteran lawyer with years of experience. As the trial progressed the older man developed his case from angles that the youth had never dreamed of, and the new brief-case and the crisp law-books gave him little help. His opponent had a spare tire called *experience*.

A young man in our town launched into business and gave promise of a brilliant career. His office desk was a beauty, his stationary exquisitely lithographed, his window displays were stunning, and he belonged to a different lunch club for every noon in the week.

He was generally conceded to be a go-getter, a comer and a regular fellow. He knew his line, had a wonderful personality and was located on a choice corner.

But he was careless of his credit!

He overdrew his account at the bank, failed to keep his promises exactly, became indignant and told some of his best friends where to head in when they presented their bills, and moved his checking account from bank to bank.

Then one day an old and experienced banker became suspicious and refused him a further loan. He walked out with fine contempt and made application elsewhere, but news travels fast, and this time he was told some uncomfortable truths, and

he became alarmed. A hurried trip about town revealed the fact that he had sinned away the friends who might have come to his rescue, and on the last day of the month the front door was locked and his business was gone.

He might have weathered the storm if he had saved the spare tire called " credit."

A good reputation makes an excellent spare tire. A good name has saved more than one honest man whom circumstantial evidence could have hurried away in disgrace. Good repute is good evidence.

" I don't care what people think," says the silly girl who knows nothing of life and " just hates conventions." But, when disaster comes and humiliation is not far away, it is wonderfully reassuring to have a good reputation upon which to ride to safety.

Such a reputation is worth all it costs. The extra pains, the watchfulness and care that must be expended to win the esteem of those who know us best are an insignificant price to pay for the advantage of a good name.

" I know nothing about him except that he has a very fine reputation in his home town," explained the clerk at the employment agency, as he was recommending a young man for a good position.

" If his home town recommends him, I will take him," said the office manager with the position to fill. " If the ones who know him best believe in him, I can trust him."

Beware of the man who gets a scare every time he hears that an old neighbour has moved to town.

A life insurance policy is a spare tire that has carried many a little family safely across those first few hard years after father's death.

That policy was a godsend to his loved ones when he was no longer able to provide for them, even though the premiums had come due as regularly as taxes.

"Will your widow dress as well as your wife does?" inquires the life insurance agent as he is looking you over for spare tires.

The man who sells me life insurance is my benefactor. He makes it necessary for me to keep my spending a little below my earning in order to pay the premiums, and thus teaches me the first principle of financial independence. In addition, he provides me with an economical means of safeguarding my wife and assuring my children of an education, thereby contributing to my self-respect.

"He had a wonderful constitution. That was the only thing that saved him," said the physician to my friend's wife when he was well on the road to health after a close-up with death. Those years of clean living, free from alcohol and wild oats, paid good dividends. Perhaps he might have indulged, for the sake of being a "good sport," but he was determined to allow nothing to rob him of his spare tire. And in that hour of desperate need it served him well.

"Doctor, I was ashamed to call you over, but you are the only preacher we know, and we felt that something had to be done right away. We haven't gone to church much since we came to town three years ago, and we couldn't go through this thing alone. We had heard you over the radio and felt like we knew you just a little."

The speaker was an attractive young fellow from the country who had come down to the city to take a job with a big engineering company. Back in the little village in which he had been reared he had been active in church and Sunday school before he went away to college. But while he had been busy in college getting an education, and in the city getting a start, God had been crowded out.

I stood in the home that night as the doctor was leaving. A few minutes before, he had stood beside the little white bed watching his tiny little patient burning up with a fever, and had said, "Well, I've done everything I can do. She has about one chance in a thousand."

They had tried to pray, but six years of spiritual neglect made their agonized petitions sound hollow and unreal now. In the moment of their most terrible grief and desperate need they had no God!

"Your theories sound very plausible," wrote a troubled man to an atheist-editor who was ridiculing religion, "but have you ever tried them out in the midst of a great trouble?"

That's the test!

Many a religious theory or ethical system works well in fair weather, on good level roads. But life sees many storms, and sometimes the going gets pretty rough. Will your faith stand the strain of an emergency? Does it provide you with a spare tire?

Spiritual crises are by no means rare. Trouble is never far from any of us. No man can be sure that the next mile will not find him confronted by disaster, with his faith shaken, trusted friends deserting, ruin staring him in the face and the heavens turned to brass.

Your boy may get into the hands of the police, a turn in the market may send your stocks tumbling, a plague may come into your home, a strike may break out tomorrow and leave you idle for seven months, with little children begging you for bread; or you may come face to face with the most terrible temptation of your life.

Every man needs a spiritual spare tire sometimes.

A sustaining faith is more than a religious opinion. It is a spiritual necessity.

Bad detours are ahead. Sharp rocks and rough hills are certain to wreck some of the things upon which you rest your hope now. In the hour of trouble it will be a comfort and a strength to hear a voice say, "Lo, I am with you."

"Seek ye the Lord while He may be found,
Call ye upon Him while He is near."

II

GOD IN BUSINESS

IT makes no difference who is elected President of the United States, Mr. Business Man rules the nation. His standards and methods dominate churches, schools, political parties and cultural agencies.

Just a few centuries ago the soldier dominated life. He was the "prominent citizen," "leading layman" and success standard. He ruled the world, wrote laws, built cities, determined international relations and supported the party in power. No government could exist without his support.

A little later the scholar climbed to power, and the highest ambition that any family entertained was that some son should enter one of the learned professions—law, medicine, or the clergy.

Today Mr. Business Man builds the cities, not to memorialize some conquest but to make profits. He writes the laws, not to keep some dynasty in power but to safeguard the economic welfare of the nation. He determines international relations through the subtleties of oil, steel, rubber and wheat.

His language is spoken everywhere. We "sell"

ideas, programs, reforms, principles and institutions to the public. We are told that preaching, editing, painting, music—everything—is a form of salesmanship. Political parties, for the purpose of winning votes and popular favor, announce their candidates as "practical business men," and churches, looking for new ministers, stipulate that they shall be "good business organizers."

The supremacy of the business man is considered evidence of the degeneracy of our times by social radicals and parlour bolsheviks. But it is, on the contrary, a sign of the regeneration of our times, for business is, in certain respects at least, markedly religious.

The merchant of a century ago was despised, and deserved to be. He carried his wares in a pack upon his back and conducted his business from sidewalks and front-door steps. He sold for whatever price he could compel his customers to pay, and then disappeared down the road, never to return, before his trickery could be discovered.

His guarantees were unreliable, his promises were worthless, and he abundantly earned every man's contempt. Deception was considered good business, and the courts protected him in fraud with the principle of "*caveat emptor*"—"let the buyer beware."

The piratical days of merchandising are passing. Modern business has discovered that profits depend upon high ideals and that good morals

are good business. The business man is being "converted."

The Christian Church has preached certain principles for nineteen hundred years which, though greeted with derisive laughter by religious sceptics, have become principles almost universally accepted among good business men. At least four such principles, all from the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth, are at the very foundation of the commercial life of our generation.

Modern Business Turns the Other Cheek. The "treat 'em rough" policy has been discarded because it was not profitable, and the policy of "the other cheek" has been substituted, with results eminently satisfactory. Atheism and agnosticism may ridicule Jesus of Nazareth and call Him visionary and impractical, but big business has found it profitable to follow His suggestion, and turns the other cheek a million times a day.

Telephone girls, sales people and all those who wait upon the public are trained to turn the other cheek. Rare indeed is the customer who succeeds in involving such public servants in quarrels and arguments. Courtesy is the word that big business uses. "The customer is always right," is the rule of the house, which is a polite way of turning the other cheek.

Big business puts a high estimate on the value of soft voices and low tones. No one ever makes a good bargain in the midst of a quarrel. The good

salesman knows that he always loses when he wins an argument with a customer. Anyone can answer arguments, but few can withstand friendliness or resist agreeableness.

Every business man soon learns that trouble is invariably expensive. It pays far better to take a loss than to start a suit. Thousands of lawsuits are started every day, but litigants settle tens of thousands of cases out of court rather than fight them out. Business knows that it pays better to turn the other cheek than to double up both fists.

Modern Business Relies upon Faith. "Faith is a sign of weakness," says the sophomore, fresh from his first exposure to a scientific laboratory, with all the dangerous cocksureness of his little learning. But he cannot survive in business very long without learning to live by faith.

By faith we sell merchandise to customers we have not seen and take their checks in payment, giving them receipted bills.

By faith we buy goods we have not seen, from firms we do not know, because of advertising whose statements we do not stop to prove.

By faith we eat food we did not see cooked, prepared by chefs we have never met, served by waiters whose names we have never heard.

By faith we buy milk we have not inspected, take medicine we have not analysed and trust our lives to doctors who never explain anything.

By faith we board railroad trains, taxis, eleva-

tors, and subways without inspecting the rails or smelling the engineer's breath.

Bankers tell me that ninety-five per cent of the day's business is transacted by means of a financial instrument called credit, and I know that credit is faith in its simplest form.

Trade-marks are faith tags. We buy merchandise bearing a certain trade-mark with absolute assurance that it will prove satisfactory because the reputation of the firm stands behind its trade-mark. Reputations are only a way we have of measuring the faith that the public has placed in a given business.

Not only the just, but all the world, shall live by faith.

Modern Business Men Bear One Another's Burdens. And they find it good business to do so.

Every line of business has its trade organization, and thousands of conventions are held every year whereat business men gather for the purpose of exchanging trade secrets, some of which are worth thousands of dollars. Every trade magazine is a treasure chest of information which the few share with the many.

"What helps one in the trade, helps all; what hurts one, hurts all."

It is not at all unusual for one bank to come to the rescue of another in times of financial strain and stress. The failure of one means loss of confidence in all banks.

Merchants exchange information between themselves which protects all from bad accounts, unreliable salesmen, fraudulent advertising and other common dangers.

Insurance in all of its forms is a plain case of burden-bearing. Every man who insures against fire, theft, accident, sickness or death is helping create a fund for the protection of all others similarly insured, as well as himself.

Trade associations and all organizations for cooperative effort are burden bearers and burden sharers which help take the terror out of life and risk out of the day's business.

Let Him Who Would Be Greatest Be Servant. The survival of the fittest is the survival of the servant.

" He profits most who serves best," is more than a catchy motto for Mr. Babbitt's Thursday lunch club. It is a thoroughly demonstrated and accepted principle of business—especially of big business.

The hyper-intellectual cynic may sneer at Babbitt and his kind, and buy good corporation bonds with the price of his sneers, but Babbitt has survived where Shylock and Herr Super-Mann have been driven from the field.

Whatever may be said in criticism of Big Business (and much small business labels itself " big business "), this at least is true—the people are buying their commodities and even their luxuries

far cheaper by reason of modern large-scale production than if the old system of individualism and cut-throat competition prevailed.

Big Business is with us, not because it is big enough to survive, but because it grew big by serving better. Let Big Business repent of its remaining sins, and nothing can drive it out of business. The public does not desert the business that serves it better.

There are still unregenerate areas in American business life. Much business is still immoral, but sufficient experimenting has been done to prove that religious idealism is economically sound.

Religion and business *will* mix, if given a chance.

III

ALL KINDS OF TROUBLE

TROUBLE is the commonest fact in the world. Everybody knows something about it and most people think they know everything about it.

Many homes are fire-proof, but not one is trouble-proof. No palace is insulated against it. No wall has ever been built thick enough to keep it out. The hearse visits the fashionable boulevard as regularly as the slum alley.

Any observing man, speaking to crowds of people day after day, cannot fail to be impressed with the marks of trouble he sees on the faces before him. I never stand before a crowd that I do not long to see their faces break into smiles, for there is no more beautiful sight in all the world.

Whole systems of theology have grown up about the fact of trouble. Religious sects and cults have gained great popularity and enormous followings because they have promised some cure for it. The preachers who preach most helpfully about it never have to worry about a crowd.

"I've had all kinds of trouble," groaned a discouraged man, as he dropped into a chair on the

other side of my office desk the other day. I soon discovered he was right. He had had all kinds of trouble. There are only three kinds and he had had them all.

The Trouble That Never Happens. Josh Billings once said, " I have had a lot of trouble in my time, but most of it never happened." A big share of this world's woe is of this sort.

It results from the fact that our imagination is left running in high with our better judgment in neutral.

Imagination is a wonderful servant but a terrible master.

With the aid of a vivid imagination we paint more beautiful pictures, build bigger businesses, plan more charming homes, lay out more exquisite parks and drives, transform dreariness into loveliness, and design more useful machines.

But also by the power of imagination we make heartaches, grievances, disasters, insults and insuperable difficulties out of trifles.

We overhear fragments of friendly conversations, mix in a bit of suspicion, give them the worst possible interpretation and then wonder why the world seems to hold a grudge against us.

Innocent remarks, good intentions, sincere motives, honest efforts—all these can be sadly discoloured by evil imagination.

People who have the most flies are those who provide them with the best breeding places.

At least one aspect of this kind of trouble is real. That is the pain it causes. The person suffering from hallucinations experiences as much pain as the one who faces real difficulties. Imaginary trouble causes as much anxiety as real trouble.

Trouble that never happens cannot be dismissed easily. The sufferer must be assisted to gain the mastery of his imagination. The best remedy is to set it to some constructive task.

Try to imagine the best instead of the worst of any situation. Make it a habit to give every stray remark, chance circumstance, or unexplained fact the best possible interpretation.

Believe that everyone you meet is your friend and not your enemy. It may not be true, but it will make you friendly and that is half the battle. It is extremely difficult to resist a friendly man.

Think that every accidental remark you hear is part of a compliment and not the rough end of a criticism. Remember that good happens more easily in God's world than evil.

"We used to have a lot of trouble in our home," said a young husband. "We were always looking for faults in one another. Then one evening we agreed to try an experiment for one week—we would look for the good qualities. Instead of nasty criticisms we had been flinging back and forth we would try compliments. It was surprising how much more we had to talk about than before. It became so much fun that we have never quit."

"I always try to get the worst news first. After that everything is good news," said a big business executive. He had learned that it does not pay to leave sour bits of information laying around as food for his imagination.

The Trouble That Comes Upon Us. A great deal of trouble comes upon us through no fault of our own. Crops fail, sickness comes, friends prove false.

Ignorance of the ways of nature, selfishness and greed in other people, incompetence and neglect—these are causes by which much trouble comes into the world.

There will always be some trouble in the world for everybody as long as a few people are selfish, dishonest, intolerant, slanderous and lustful. But there will certainly be less trouble if we meet dishonesty with honesty, lust with chastity and slander with forgiveness.

In spite of all the evil in the world which we are powerless to avoid, life remains "a beautiful adventure," as Charles Frohman expressed it on the sinking *Titanic*. Sir Oliver Lodge says that the very phrase, "Struggle for Existence," indicates that existence is worth struggling for. Clarence Darrow will argue with anyone that life is not worth living and then *go on living*.

The Trouble We Bring Upon Ourselves. All the trouble we bring upon ourselves results from one or the other of two causes: (1) Wrong

attitudes of mind, or (2) Unmastered spiritual forces.

Life is a matter of attitudes. The self-same circumstance will occur to two people and have absolutely opposite results. In one case it may be dismay and surrender; in the other case all the forces of the soul rise to make the fight.

Happiness, fortune, friendships, success—most of life's prizes come to us as a result of right attitudes and not because of unusual talent.

" He is not particularly brilliant, but he is loyal," was the way one big employer explained the success of his star salesman.

" I can excuse inefficiency, but I insist upon a desire to learn," said an office manager to an applicant for a position.

" He will be in trouble wherever he works," said the sales-manager of one of his men who had just resigned; " He never seems to think he is getting as much as is coming to him."

" Life is a mirror. Then smile at it and it will smile back at you," is the wholesome advice I found pasted on the mirror in a little Nebraska hotel several years ago.

We may ridicule the " Pollyanna Philosophy," but certainly it is nearer the truth than cynicism and pessimism. Too many people in the world think nothing is right if something isn't wrong.

It is easy to join in a mutiny against life, but no

revolt against God's order of things has ever succeeded. Our attitudes make our life!

"You may hunt the world over, but if you find not contentment in your own heart you will find it nowhere," said Thomas à Kempis, and Paul, the great apostle, expressed the same idea in another way when he remarked, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."

Jesus urged us to forgive our enemies, not for the enemies' sake but for our own sake. He understood life well enough to know that an unforgiving attitude, bitterness of spirit, suspicion, hardness of heart and all malevolent attitudes result in spiritual poverty. He who holds a grudge pays most of its cost.

No man can hope to be long out of trouble who has not learned to govern the desires of his life. Headstrong ambitions that lead us to break faith with conscience are certain to breed trouble. Envy which deprecates the happiness we have while it glorifies the happiness other people enjoy is a sworn enemy of our peace of mind. Unbridled passion is a wild horse upon which we ride always to a fall.

"I got mad and said things I didn't mean," sobbed the girl. "If she can't govern her temper before we get married what will it be afterward?" asked the boy. An unmastered temper had broken up a friendship and robbed an otherwise charming girl of her chance for a beautiful home.

For fifteen years I have helped administer poor relief in large cities. I have seen distress in almost every aspect. The distressed and unfortunate come to me for every imaginable cause. But in nearly every case I find that the fundamental cause of trouble is a spiritual one.

A failure to respect the rights of others, inconsiderate and hasty decisions which involve the destinies of a lifetime, compromises which take the wrong way because it looks easiest, the determination to have one's own way at any cost, a stubborn refusal to listen to the voice of experience, failure to learn even after the bitterest lessons—these are some common causes of trouble, and all the trouble they bring into the world could be eliminated if we could be taught self-government.

Those who have studied the subject assert that tuberculosis could be completely eradicated from America in twenty years, if we would all obey the doctor's orders during that period.

That trouble will come is certain. Our problem is not how to avoid it, but how to utilize it in the building of character. Much of it, like disease, is a result of ignorance. When we learn the rules of spiritual hygiene we will eliminate it.

Frances Huber's blindness cost him a literary career but it drove him to the study of bees with the result that he became the world's greatest authority on the subject. Because of his blindness, Henry Fawcett, England's greatest Postmaster-

General, became the champion of the poor and humble and one of her most powerful and influential citizens. Mark Twain's hardships were the material which he made up into books that made him famous.

For every kind of trouble religion offers a cure.

For the trouble that does not happen there is no remedy like a simple faith in a kindly Providence that will not allow a heavier load to be placed on our shoulders than we are able to bear.

For the trouble that comes upon us there is the assurance that all things can work together for good to those who serve God.

For the trouble we bring upon ourselves there is the promise, "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

IV

NOT GOOD IF DETACHED

SOMEONE sold me a railroad ticket the other day which consisted of two coupons—one for me and one for the train conductor. On my ticket appeared this warning—"*Not Good If Detached.*" Now, I do not know why the railroad company should be so particular in such a matter, but I have discovered that those words express a very common rule of life.

Not good if detached.

None of us live alone. We are all a part of some organization. No matter how well we do our work, nor how completely we attend to every detail, we would be helpless without the assistance of a great many other people.

The doctor performs a very successful operation, but at his side stands a trained nurse, an anæsthetist, assistants and attendants. Someone has provided him with antiseptics and materials, the hospital has the operating room ready and every possible help is provided.

An artist paints a picture, but another man frames it, another hangs it, another lights it, another writes about it and another sells it. Each has contributed something to it.

A radio program is not the performance of one artist or even a group of performers, but a composite of the labours of all who have helped—announcers, program directors, engineers, operators and a lot of government clerks who regulate the air.

I am a preacher, but I would not get far without my choir, ushers, collectors, janitors, organists and all those who help make the services a success.

Red Grange is the greatest football player the game has ever produced, but he never won a game alone. One man carries the ball while ten others provide the interference and clear the way.

Our entire day is filled with dependencies upon other people: mail carriers, motormen, delivery boys, paper carriers, telephone girls, messengers, waiters, porters, garage mechanics, elevator operators, etc. Any of them can make or ruin much good business for every one of us.

No doctor, preacher, banker, editor, football player, radio performer, mechanic, artist or solo violinist or any other person is good if detached.

Yet the world is full of detached people who are trying to stand for something and *stand alone.*

Overhead, on a bridge across the Mississippi River, appeared this sign a few years ago—

"PROCESSIONS CROSSING THIS BRIDGE MUST BREAK STEP"

A thousand men could cross in safety as a mob,

but a hundred men, keeping step, would shake the bridge to its very foundations.

Ten thousand men in a community may be able to see the evils of the community and know that something is wrong, but a hundred men with a remedy can bring about a reform if they keep step and march together.

One man organized is worth ten men unorganized. Our best citizens, therefore, are those who are a part of some organization. They are worth ten times as much in an organization as when they are detached.

If I was a business man I would belong to the commercial organization of the town in which I lived. The business of the community, being everybody's business, would be my business.

If one line prospers all the rest get some of the benefit. The man who does business in a town, shares in its prosperity, gets the benefit of the community organizations, and does not share in their support, is accepting charity.

If I was a shoe dealer I would belong to the retail shoe dealers' association. I would assist in every possible way to educate the people on the subject of better footwear. Anything that helps the shoe business would help *my* business. Anything that teaches the people the value of paint helps the business of all paint dealers. Anything that spreads a new hair fad helps all barbers.

If I was a labouring man I would join a labour union, and I would be active in it, helping to elect wise men to office and helping decide on wise and just policies for the union.

The organization which helps secure better working conditions, satisfactory hours and wages, safer machinery and more contented workers is benefitting all workers—not those alone who are members of the organization. Labour unions cannot improve conditions for the union members without improving conditions for all labourers.

Moreover, when the workers are well paid they buy more and better clothes, live in better houses, attend more and better entertainments and eat better food, thus making every line of business more prosperous. Employers can well afford to co-operate with the unions, for no nation can prosper if it is half starved from under-feeding and half dyspeptic from over-feeding.

If I was interested in righteousness, in the support of public morality and the cultivation of the spiritual phases of life, I would be a member of some church.

I know there are thousands of men and women outside the Church who are as good as those inside, but the good man inside the Church has the strength of the organization at his back while the good man outside stands alone.

The Church is not composed of people who are

better than the rest, but of people who are trying to be better than they are.

The Church is not composed of people who are perfect, but of people who are dissatisfied with their imperfections.

The Church is not composed of people who are better than other people because they are religious, but of people who are better than they would be if they were not religious.

Far up in the north woods of Minnesota I saw a beautiful pine tree which had been uprooted by the winds. So thick was the forest that the tree could not fall completely over but leaned heavily upon its neighbours. In the course of the years new roots had been put forth and now the tree was firmly rooted again.

It still leaned badly, but through the support of its neighbours it had been saved.

It is an easy thing to ridicule the professional "joiner." His wallet is full of membership cards and his coat lapel is covered with badges like the breast of a proud general with medals. He does not have nights enough in the week to attend all the meetings.

But there is enormous moral value to the average individual in the fellowship of some group of kindred spirits.

Many a man or woman, uprooted by the storm of some great temptation, has temporarily lost his balance but because of the sympathetic encourage-

ment of fellow members in a church or lodge, has been able to take root again and grow into strong and useful citizenship.

The casual worshipper gains much from his occupancy of a church pew on Sunday morning. But it is the active member of the church with an acquaintanceship among the people, a sense of responsibility for the good name of the organization with the assurance that he has the cordial good wishes and support of all the rest in his struggle for higher idealism who gets the benefit of the church at its best.

Of course, the Church falls far short of its own ideal in many instances, but I know of no other organization that we could substitute for it without a tragic loss.

Other organizations do a part of its work, sometimes much better than the Church is doing it. The lodge spreads the spirit of brotherhood, social agencies extend service, political parties assist in good government, schools educate the young and inculcate good morals, but none of these fine agencies undertake the wide range of effort that engages the attention of the Church.

The lodge does a fine piece of work for men, but it offers a limited opportunity to women, only an occasional opportunity for boys, and no help for the training of children.

Social service agencies do much to relieve distress, but no distress can be permanently relieved

unless the sufferer is given the right spiritual attitude toward life.

The " joiner " has all of the advantages on his side. He may join many silly and foolish movements, but at least he has gained some strength and power by allying himself with other men.

Not good if detached.

V

FLIES AND OINTMENTS

THERE is an old proverb to the effect that "One fly will spoil the ointment." This is another way of saying that the minority rules.

America boasts of her democracy, declaring that ours is a land where the majority rules. This may be true as a political theory, but it is false in every-day life. We are ruled by minorities.

The story is told of the late Theodore Roosevelt that, during one of his political campaigns, a photographer from an opposition newspaper, after a long pursuit secured a photograph of the President which exhibited sufficient repulsiveness to discredit him in the estimation of voters. His enemies made liberal use of the picture with the result that it cost Mr. Roosevelt many votes.

Years afterward the camera man told the President the story of how the picture was obtained.

"How long did it take you to get it?" asked Mr. Roosevelt.

"I trailed you night and day for seven weeks," answered the photographer.

"Then I will not worry," said the sage of Saga-

more Hill. "If I look that way only once in seven weeks I must not be so bad the rest of the time."

Yet thousands of people judged him by the way he looked *once in seven weeks!*

Flies have caused a lot of trouble in political ointments.

The Governor of a midwestern state piloted his commonwealth through the war period with splendid skill and faithfulness and was re-elected for his second term by the largest majority ever given to a Governor in his state. In the midst of his second term he mistakenly pardoned a criminal who was doing time for a very serious offense. That one pardon killed him politically.

All his just and popular pardons, all his loyal and high-minded service in war time, all his constructive leadership during four years, all his personal virtues, all his honest intentions and unsullied honour—everything was forgotten in that one mistake.

William G. McAdoo built a tunnel under the East River, administered the affairs of the United States Treasury during the war period, floated five huge war loans, was director-general of the railroads of the nation and performed other useful and conspicuous public services, but when his name was proposed to the Democratic convention in New York someone yelled "Oil," and after that no one could think of anything else.

One political blunder in the appointment of a

chief of police or the chairman of the Board of Health will blind us to all the faithful and efficient services of an honest mayor.

It is wise to remember that the stories of this kind of flies are worse during a political campaign. They are swarming everywhere.

Flies have caused much trouble in domestic ointments.

"I have to go 'round picking up after him all the time," complains a wife, bitterly. She cannot remember his thrift, his generous provision for the wants of his family or his general amiability. That one fault of untidiness bulks larger than all his virtues—he will not hang up his clothes.

"I know it is only a little thing, but it gets on my nerves," wailed a fly-chasing husband who came seeking my assistance in settling a grievance with his wife. She was thrifty, mild mannered, devout and neat, but she frequently insisted that he take her out to a movie after the day's work was done and he wanted to rest. He believed she was inconsiderate and unsympathetic.

If half the time that is now spent in pouting was spent in hunting for admirable qualities we would all be happy again.

Flies have caused no end of trouble in church ointments.

One sermon which proved offensive to a leading member of the church was enough to wreck three years of good work for a friend of mine who had

served his congregation faithfully and well. Three hundred good sermons, three years of calling on the sick, burying the dead, counselling with youth, helping with ice-cream socials and paying on the church debt were buried in oblivion by one offensive sermon.

"He is a good man and a wonderful preacher, but I don't think he is quite sound on the doctrine of the Holy Spirit," was the way one old fly-hunting deacon began his damning of the new preacher.

Three hundred good people who lived honestly and paid their debts were utterly ignored by some folk in a country town who branded all church members as hypocrites because one man used religion as a cloak for crooked dealings.

We let flies ruin much happiness for us.

When we look at our neighbour's home we see nothing but the good in it. When we look at our own we see nothing but flies.

When we watch the other man at work, we think he has a snap. When we go down to our own office we see nothing but the difficulties.

Picking at a sore never helped it heal. Harping on a fault never helped cure it. No man ever improves under nagging. Friendships never sweeten as a result of criticism.

There is a hole in every doughnut and the man who concentrates his attention on the hole is apt to miss the doughnut entirely.

Why not let the majorities rule us for a while? Minorities have betrayed us into unhappiness, broken friendships, wrecked hopes and bitterness. Surely majorities could do no more.

Try believing that most people are honest. You may be betrayed by one or two, but that will be no worse than holding everyone under suspicion.

Give people credit for good intentions. Some may not have them, but you will be nearer right than when you decide that everybody is crooked.

Look for the good in the world as diligently as you have watched for the disagreeable.

Try it a while and you will discover it is more fun making mole-hills out of mountains than making mountains out of mole-hills.

VI

THE LAST TWO PER CENT

DO you see that big office-building over there?" my contractor friend inquired, pointing to a skyscraper erected about a year ago. "Eighty per cent of its space is occupied but it still shows a fifteen per cent loss. It cannot pay a profit until after it is ninety-five per cent in use. It is the last five per cent that pays the dividends on the investment."

Magazines of a certain type are filled with advertisements of "practical" psychologists, psychoanalysts, character-analysts, vocational advisors, etc., who offer to teach "the secret of business success." While I do not claim any such pretentious titles as these advertisers use, I do know a "success secret" that is simple, effective, and that cannot fail.

Keep the cost price below the selling price.

Watch the last two per cent.

Success is a question of margins. A Minneapolis grain broker a few years ago handled a million and a half bushels of barley in one season, at a profit of one thirty-second of a cent per bushel. That sounds like a small margin, but even at that rate

he can stay in business indefinitely and still be a success. If he lost as much as one one-hundredth of a cent a bushel he would be bankrupt eventually and nothing could save him.

Personal success is governed by a similar principle. It is often true that there is very little difference between the work of the man who gets the promotion and that of the one who gets the demotion. But that small difference is big enough. When competition is keen and the margin of difference is narrow, he is a wise man who watches the last two per cent.

It is said that a certain railroad spent three millions of dollars a few years ago in straightening a piece of track in order to save three minutes in running time from Chicago to the coast. That saving enabled the road to land certain valuable contracts which netted a handsome profit.

If a great railroad company is willing to spend three million dollars to save three minutes, how much can a man afford to spend in order to save that last two per cent of personal efficiency that means success?

The world is full of "almost" people—folk who are almost good enough to hold a better position, almost good enough to deserve a promotion, almost good enough to be put in charge of the new branch office or department, almost good enough to make good.

The "almosts" get by, but they have to take

second places. If you are an "almost" you are a "second."

In a great interscholastic track meet, not long ago, the winner of the hundred-yard dash crossed the line only six inches ahead of the loser, but *that six inches won the race.* There were thirty-six hundred inches in that race course, but it was the *last six* that counted.

It is the boy who stays in school a little longer and completes his training who gets the preference. It is the salesman who knows his line just a little better who comes home with the signed order. It is the man who knows how to employ his time just a bit better who cleans up his desk by the close of the day and has time to get ready for the better position. It is the one who stays with his work a little later and does all he is paid for and then some who attracts the attention of the boss. These who have all the commendable qualities of the rest—and one more besides—get the first prizes of life.

That last two per cent is often easily acquired. It is not always brilliancy or talent. More frequently it is only willingness to be a little more faithful, punctual, industrious or dependable. Any man can have these qualities if he will.

"He had everything the rest had and, besides, he was dependable," said the manager of a big mercantile concern in explaining a surprise appointment.

The last two per cent can be lost easily.

A few late hours will lower the clever fellow's efficiency the next day just enough to allow an ordinary man of temperate habits to outdo him. A slovenly appearance can obscure the fact of brains and ability and the good job goes to the mediocre man who is neatly dressed.

"He was a bright fellow and a splendid workman, but he did not fit because he could not get along with people," said the general superintendent of a plant concerning a fine workman who had never been able to get ahead. If he had been able to work without quarrelling he could have had the best position in the factory.

Nothing is too small to pay attention to if it is big enough to interfere with our success.

Of course the boss may be a critical and prejudiced old fogy, but he is also the one who hands out the pay checks, some of which are larger than others. The bigger ones go to those who take the trouble to please him a little more.

"She used just a little too much rouge."

"He smoked too many cigarettes."

"He was always in a quarrel with someone."

"He had a few pretty fast friends."

"He plays the ponies once in a while."

"He never learned to treat people courteously."

"No one was ever able to tell him anything"

What trivial and insufficient excuses these seem to be, yet they are the reasons employers have given me for firing some good workers.

There are times when just one more line will complete the picture, when just one more note will fill the chord, when just one more stroke of the pick will turn up the coveted ore, when just one more effort will lift us out of the ranks of mediocrity.

A little more honesty, a few more months of training, one tiny fault corrected, a little blemish removed, one more re-writing of the manuscript, another splendid effort at self-mastery—this is the way perfection is attained, and perfection includes that last two per cent.

Wrapped up in the last two per cent is the promise of all the good things in life for which you have hoped.

VII

WELL DIGGERS

ONE can sometimes see a very great deal through a very small window.

In the story of Jesus' conversation with the Samaritan woman there appear five words which speak volumes:

"Now, Jacob's well was there."

I read those words many times before I saw their significance. Without Jacob's well there could have been no Sychar, just as without Lake Michigan there could be no Chicago or without the Golden Gate there could be no San Francisco.

Life depends upon water. Cities, agriculture, government, prosperity, religion, art, education, literature—everything depends upon access to an adequate water supply. The digging of a well is the beginning of civilization.

David wrote his psalms and all the world has sung his songs of faith. Solomon built his temple and the beginnings of the Christian religion root deep in its services and worship. But before either of them lived, Jacob had dug a well.

To this day thirsty pilgrims draw water from Jacob's well. It is true that travellers drink from

that well without thinking of Jacob, but success does not consist in being remembered but in being useful. Jacob became immortal by doing a commonplace thing so well that it did not need to be done over again.

We all drink, every day, from wells that we have not dug.

We enjoy privileges and opportunities that have cost heavily in tears and in blood for which we have expended no effort and which we have obtained without sacrifice, hardship or inconvenience.

Some of the simplest and plainest privileges of our American citizenship have been won by the sacrifices of hundreds of thousands of lives on bloody battlefields through hundreds of years of history.

Desolating wars have been fought to secure for us the right to go into an election booth and there express our choice as to who shall rule over us. Every ballot we cast is stained with the blood of men who died that we might cast it without interference. Any citizen who enjoys the benefits and privileges of citizenship, and fails to discharge his duty to the public by voting, has no moral right to demand police protection in his hour of danger.

The flag of the United States stands for the principle that any man has the right to aspire to the highest office of the land if he is good enough and wise enough. As long as boys born in Kentucky cabins or humble cottages among the hills of Ver-

mont can rise to the Presidency, our democracy is not a failure.

We "moderns" know no liberty that has not been wrested from some ancient tyrant after a terrific struggle. The most ordinary rights—trial by jury, freedom of speech and assembly, no taxation without representation—have been dearly bought by men who dug wells with bloody swords.

How easily we accept them, but with what desperate combat were they obtained!

Today's tourists, racing over paved highways in high-powered motor cars or reclining luxuriantly in palatial Pullmans, know nothing of the hardships by which stern-visaged pioneers blazed trails through the forests and, plodding beside slow ox-teams amid storm and heat, wrested an empire from the savage wilderness.

Even the very machinery which makes existence so comfortable and easy has taken its toll of pain and tears.

The transcontinental railways over which we ride in security and satisfaction were built while regiments of soldiers guarded the workmen from Indian attacks. Custer's last stand at the Little Big Horn, the most famous Indian battle in American history, was part of a railroad building enterprise and is indicative of the price of the prairies.

Charles Goodyear starved through thirteen long, pitiless years to perfect his process for vulcanizing rubber that we might ride without jolt or jar.

Richard Arkwright was mobbed and his spinning-jenny repeatedly wrecked. James Watts worked on his steam engine through twenty years of poverty and invalidism. Washington Roebling built the Brooklyn Bridge from an invalid's bed, dictating orders to his wife for his assistant engineers. John Fitch, first to build a boat propelled by its own power, starved while he lived and died in destitution.

Wilbur and Orville Wright, Alexander Graham Bell, Samuel F. B. Morse, Cyrus McCormick—what a roll of heroes among inventors who were also well diggers!

Intrepid souls who have undertaken to save humanity from pain have been persecuted for their trouble.

Harvey, discovering the circulation of the blood, brought down upon his head storms of abuse. Joseph Lister, announcing his anæsthetic, became a target for scorn and villification through more than twenty years. Every drop of medicine that modern science administers is mixed with the blood of medical martyrs who have died that the world might be saved from disease.

No liberties have cost more than those of religion. If you listen closely you can hear in the echoes of every church bell the groans of men and women who have died in the struggle for religious freedom.

John Bunyan, leader of the English non-

conformists, spent twelve years in Bedford jail in the struggle for the right to assemble peaceably for the worship of God according to the dictates of conscience.

The Pilgrim Fathers, driven first to Holland and then to America, braved a winter sea and the bleak shores of New England, suffering death in a thousand forms, all for the sake of religious liberty.

The Bible, sold from every book-stall to whomever wishes to buy, is printed in the blood of well diggers who suffered exile and death that the common people might read the Scriptures in their own vernacular.

Freedom *of* worship is not freedom *from* worship.

Our forefathers who fought for religious liberty did not shed their blood and give their lives that men might assemble on the golf links on Sunday morning, or bury themselves in comic supplements, or race at terrific speed through scenery they do not see.

They battled that we might believe as we please on the assumption that we would believe *something* with all the loyalty of our souls.

The wells that other men have dug for us are all about.

We use our telephone without a thought of the complex and intricate system that makes it possible, nor the long line of faithful employees who serve us without even their name being known.

We ride street cars, buy groceries, hire taxis,

send mail and telegrams, drink milk free from contagion, board railroad trains with no sense of danger and tune in our radios for an evening's concert with never a thought of those whose labours make our luxuries possible.

We attend schools and colleges that have been built for us and which place their facilities at our disposal without the slightest hardship to us. We buy newspapers at a fraction of their actual cost and read news from the end of the earth that has been gathered at great expense and, oftentimes, danger, without a question as to who makes the paper possible. We enter beautiful churches, listen to scholarly ministers and heavenly choirs and drop a dime complacently into the collection with the feeling that we have done more than our share, giving no thought to those who have sacrificed to erect a sanctuary in which we might worship.

If, then, our comfort has been bought at such a price, how can we compensate the past? Surely we will not knowingly accept moral or spiritual charity.

By becoming well diggers, ourselves!

Jacob was a migrant, journeying through a desert country, digging wells where there were none. We likewise are travelling through a world which has its arid areas.

Factories are being built where playgrounds should be because children have no votes.

Mothers are leaving babies at home while they

tend machines, because dividends must be paid to stockholders and mothers *will* work for less than fathers *can*.

Cities are misgoverned, politics perverted, graft assumes the air of injured innocence and prosperity is set above posterity all because nobody makes everybody's business their business.

There is a persistent call for judges on the bench who will cut through accumulations of red tape and dispense justice without technicalities; for industrial managers who will judge their business by the men they make instead of the profit they can show: for teachers who are not content with imparting information but live on in the hope of inspiring in their students a love of knowledge.

Those who have tried it will testify that *well digging is the best paid industry in the world.* Jesus, Himself, said, " Let him who would be greatest among you become servant of all."

Doctor Grenfell among the fisher-folk of Labrador, Jane Addams living on South Halstead Street, Elizabeth Fry spending her life for the reform of English prisons, Maude Ballington Booth living for her " boys "—these and millions of humble and nameless who have laboured at well digging will testify willingly and joyfully to its abundant and rich rewards.

Gratitude from those who can give nothing else, is worth more than gold from those who have nothing else to give.

The common people have always rewarded their self-forgetful friends with the richest and choicest affections of their souls. The man who spends himself for the people is well repaid for the wells he digs.

Jacob's well is waiting to be dug in your neighbourhood.

VIII

COUNTERFEIT GREATNESS

THE banks in our town discovered a large number of counterfeit half dollars in circulation not long ago and sent out a serious warning through the newspapers against the danger of accepting these spurious coins.

I want to send out a warning against counterfeit greatness—the kind that has much of the appearance of the genuine, is accepted by multitudes of the undiscerning, but does not stand the test of time.

Great wealth does not make great men. Many men have been called great because they possessed great wealth. But those who have the most money sometimes live lives pitiably small.

Who was the richest man on earth when Copernicus was upsetting the universe of thought and giving us a new world to live in? Who lived in the biggest house in Amsterdam when Spinoza, the little lens grinder, was teaching philosophy to a small group of fascinated pupils after working hours? Who was head of the biggest business in Athens while Socrates was going about the streets asking questions?

Nobody knows! The "big" men are all forgotten.

Yet men were scrambling madly for wealth while Copernicus was treading down horizons in the heavens and making himself immortal. Other men were spending their lives in a desperate effort to own big houses in Amsterdam without knowing that the big man of the city lived in a little house on a side street. Practical business men of Athens probably called Socrates a fool for neglecting a good stone-cutting business to go about the town asking questions.

Galileo was a poor and humble investigator without money or influential friends, but he had an idea that would not die, and that idea elevated him to the company of the immortals.

Sir Isaac Newton, William Herschel, Christopher Columbus, Robert Fulton, Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln, Louis Pasteur—all these were great men but *not one was a rich man.*

John Hancock, of Massachusetts, was one of the three richest men in America when the Revolutionary War broke out, but that fact is unknown to any but a few historians who make a specialty of unimportant information. He is remembered chiefly as the president of the Continental Congress that issued the Declaration of Independence and that he signed that document in gigantic letters, remarking at the same time, "I guess King George will be able to read *that* without spectacles."

No rich man is great who would not be great without his riches, for money makes no man great. It only makes his actual size more noticeable.

Headline greatness is a very deceptive counterfeit. Many small people get their names printed in big type. Editors do not attempt to measure men —they only exhibit them. Newspapers do not blue-pencil the news. They print it, and their readers must learn to find the significant amid the clutter of the commonplace.

Anybody can get plenty of space in the paper tomorrow, if he is willing to act foolishly enough, wear fewer clothes, dance a new step or commit a more horrible crime, today. Vulgarity and immodesty can always be relied upon to attract attention, but the conspicuous are only occasionally the great.

Dr. Charles W. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard University, and a popular young moving picture actor died on the same day. If a citizen of Mars had visited on earth the next morning he would have decided from the headlines that America sets her greatest store by entertainers and esteems educators commonplace. But Dr. Eliot will be reckoned great a hundred years from now regardless of today's headlines.

Headline greatness is seldom stable, for public interest is extremely volatile. Today's spotlight heroes are tomorrow's unknown.

The fact that one's name appears in the head-

lines only indicates that one is well known, and one may become conspicuous for stupidity, vulgarity, indecency or incompetence as easily as for wisdom, generosity, good behaviour or artistry.

Power does not make men great. Pharaoh was able to command the labour of two hundred thousand men over a period of many years in building the pyramids, but they buried his name and his mummy under the same pile of masonry.

Moses, on the other hand, with no power except that of character and conviction, gave the world an immortal code of morals and ethics, in the Decalogue.

Leo Tolstoy will be remembered long after the Czars have been forgotten. Indeed, it is probable that some Czars will be remembered only because they were the targets of his scorn.

Cardinal Mercier, without gas bombs, hand grenades or rifles, was more powerful than all the Kaiser's regiments.

John Wesley, small of stature and born in the rectory of a poverty-stricken clergyman, with no friends at court or political influence, is credited with saving England from a French Revolution by "the foolishness of preaching."

High honours and places do not confer greatness upon men. Not every man elected to the United States Senate becomes a Webster or a Clay. Not every man who becomes a bishop is a Phillips Brooks or a Matthew Simpson. We have had

many presidents, but only one Lincoln. There have been many college presidents, but very few Johns Hopkins.

Living in a big town does not make a man great. It only gives a small man more room in which to rattle around and make a noise.

Mrs. Astorbilt, because she is the wife of a rich man, can be conspicuous and start styles. But intellects and ideals are required to start reforms.

Miss Glorious Pickson, of the movies, can express her opinion on anything and the papers will print it and people will read it because they have seen her picture on the screen. But it takes more than a moving picture reputation to make an opinion worth listening to.

Wrinkles come in faces and youth eventually succumbs to old age, but the great do not depend upon " that school-girl complexion," nor upon the glamour of novelty for their greatness.

Greatness is a spiritual achievement which comes through thinking, working and serving.

No man is great because he has added to the world's labours, but because he has lifted loads from human shoulders.

The great are those who have added beauty to the world, or taught men to appreciate it. Forgetting the temptations of the temporary they have built a quality of everlastingness within their souls.

He is remembered longest who served best.

IX

TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR HUSBANDS

LEST any timid soul fears that I am sacrilegious in offering another decalogue, let me set his mind at ease by declaring that I claim for my commandments no authority except the sanction of common sense.

If these admonitions embody good sense they need no other authority. If they lack the elements of justice and truth, then no authority can make them effective.

For fifteen years I have served in the pastorate of city churches. During that time I have helped set up hundreds of new homes, and whenever one has broken up it has been because one or both home-makers have taken a wrong attitude toward the home. The decalogues offered in this, and the following chapter, are, therefore, for the purpose of helping married folk find the right attitude—one that will insure a successful home.

The future fathers of the race are as much entitled to attention as the future mothers, but the latter have been getting most of the advice. Therefore, let us consider Ten Commandments for husbands.

I. Remember that thy wife is thy partner and not thy property.

The wedding certificate is not a warranty deed, but an agreement of partnership.

The modern girl is entirely capable of earning her own living. She does it before her marriage and is quite able to do so afterward. During and since the War she has gone into nearly every line of business and done all the work that men once did. Employers have discovered that she is a good worker, agile and expert, and turns up on Monday morning, sober.

As an independent wage earner she handles her own money, pays her own bills and is compelled to beg no one for spending money. As a married women she acknowledges no man as "Lord and Master," but looks upon her husband as a lover and partner.

The wife earns half of the family income, if she keeps the home attractive. Therefore, she does not need to beg for charity, but has a right to share in the profits.

II. Do not expect thy wife to be wife and wage earner at the same time.

Making a home is a task big enough to challenge the best that any woman has to give. She should not be expected to assume half the responsibility for its support in addition, except where illness or misfortune makes this unavoidable.

Home-building is a spiritual adventure in which

providing the " home atmosphere " is as important as providing the home's finance. Time that the wife and mother must spend out of the home in providing financial support must be paid for in the loss of " atmosphere " within the home. Inspiration, gentleness, and the evening welcome are as necessary as groceries, plumbing, table lamps or linoleum for the kitchen floor.

" Men cannot live by bread alone," neither can a home exist on grocery bills, rent receipts and fine furnishings. The woman who makes her home a house of refuge wherein a weary worker finds strength for his next day's labours has done more for the home than the one who brings home many dollars and frazzled nerves on Saturday night.

III. Think not that thy business is none of thy wife's business.

The American girl has learned business methods and management from actual experience and is usually able to give her husband useful advice and valuable suggestions. To ignore them may be to court disaster.

The management of a home is a highly specialized profession which requires skillful buying and expert planning. No woman can plan either her personal or her household expenditures intelligently if she knows nothing of her husband's financial affairs.

No department store can succeed, when the partners work independently.

IV. Thou shalt hold thy wife's love by the same means that thou won it.

The married woman appreciates good dressing, courteous manners, gentle speech, considerate attention and affectionate caresses as much as the sweetheart does. Compliments lose none of their power because of the celebration of the wedding ceremony.

Love is a tender plant that grows by tending and watering, but dies under neglect or haphazard cultivation. Human nature remains the same regardless of church ceremonies. The woman who was won by love can be held only by love.

V. Thou shalt make the building of thy home thy first business.

No home can be built during off hours and odd moments.

It will pay to take time off from business to help pick out the decorations—not that a man's advice helps much, but his interest does. Come home in time to help set up and decorate the Christmas tree. Be prepared to assist with the entertainment of the guests that are invited in to spend the evening.

No woman can build a home without help. No club, lodge, golf course, cabaret or hotel has ever proved a satisfactory substitute for a cheerful home, a wife's welcome, a fireside, a book, companionship and a bit of tender and affectionate conversation.

Fancy, if you can, an old man trying to make himself at home about a club or hotel.

Lay not up for yourself treasures in lodges and cabarets where friends desert and forget, but lay up for yourself treasures in your own home where love abides and loved ones do not forget.

VI. Thou shalt co-operate with thy wife in establishing family discipline.

The beginning of good citizenship is respect for authority and the beginning of respect for authority is in the home.

A child that learns to break the laws of the home will break the laws of the land, and the boy who is not taught to assume some responsibility for the home will accept no responsibility for the community in which he lives.

It is fatal to the peace and future glory of a home for the children to get the idea that they can appeal from their mother's decisions and escape discipline by incuring their father's favour.

VII. Thou shalt enter into thy house with cheerfulness.

A grouch is merely inflammation of the ego. The first symptoms are irritability, sharpness of speech and general indifference to the feelings of other members of the household. As it becomes chronic, the patient suffers a total loss of judgment and becomes entirely incapable of reason or generosity.

Persons infected with grouches should be quarantined, for the contagion spreads quickly and contaminates an entire household, after which there is neither peace nor tranquility.

In returning to one's house, therefore, one's entrance should be made with cheerfulness. Let your approach be heralded with song or merry whistle. If a husband can get from the front door to the back door with a smile and without having spoken a harsh or an unkind word, the success of the evening is pretty well assured.

It is important to remember that the wife has been at home most of the day alone. She has had little entertainment or excitement. Do not complain, therefore, if she plans on the evening as her play time. Remember that when you were courting her it was no hardship to spend the evening at a movie or a party.

Whatsoever you agree to, do it with a smile. Whatsoever you find it necessary to refuse, let it be done with gentleness and in a low tone of voice, for verily these never start trouble.

VIII. Thou shalt not let anyone criticize thy wife to thy face and get away with it; neither thy father, nor thy mother, nor thy brethren, nor thy sisters nor any that are thy relatives.

A home cannot be built upon any other foundation than loyalty, and he who listens to criticism without protest is playing traitor to his own home.

Your mother is the best mother in all the world, but *your wife married you.*

No other woman in the world ever paid you so high a compliment. When she stood beside you at the wedding altar and gave her vows to you and God in the presence of your friends, she announced to all the world that she was trusting every hope of her future happiness to you. If she was ever to have any comforts, she trusted you to supply them. If any smiles were ever to play about her mouth she trusted you to put them there.

Her wedding vow was a declaration to the world that she considered you the most wonderful man in all her acquaintance—the most lovely and loveable. She chose you out of all she knew. She believed more sincerely in your integrity, had more confidence in your loyalty, and saw greater possibilities in your love than that of any other man on earth.

In giving into your hands the keeping of her life she welcomed the opportunity of becoming the mother of your children, the companion of your joys and sorrows and the helper of your success.

For your sake she forsook all others! The least she can expect in return is loyalty.

IX. Thou shalt not take thy wife for granted!

Forget not the value of chocolates and cut flowers. No woman ever gets too tired to respond to sincere compliments and gentle caresses.

Do not let your wife go on doing her duty without an occasional word of encouragement. You

won her with consideration. You must hold her with appreciation and solicitude.

Treat her every day as if you did not expect to have her with you the next.

X. Remember thy home and keep it holy.

Shut the doors of your home on all gossip, ill temper, vulgarity and arrogance.

Treat your customers with scant courtesy if you must, speak brusquely to the stenographers if you wish, be arrogant and contemptuous with the help if you will, answer the telephone gruffly and reply sarcastically to the boss if you feel like it, but let no harsh or bitter speech pass your lips within the sacred precincts of home.

Your home is the habitation of those who love you best, the abode of those who will stand by you longest. Let them, then, never be treated other than your best.

As husband and father, you are the priest and prophet of your home. Let it never be said that your wife supplies all the religion. Set up an altar within your home, whereon shall be offered prayer daily for the safety of the household and the righteousness of the home-makers.

If a man's home be not his holy of holies, then his life is barren and his future without hope.

X

TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR WIVES

SIMONIDES, the Greek poet, once said, "A man cannot possess anything better than a good woman, nor anything worse than a bad one."

By the sheer magic of her omnipotent womanliness she rules without resort to force, she compels without violence and she conquers without might.

But first of all she must be respected, for love, without respect, is lust. Let a woman command the respect of a man and love will make him her slave. Let her win his love, without his respect, and his lust will make her his slave.

The following Ten Commandments for Wives is an effort to point out to the modern woman an old and well-worn path to power—one that has never been overcrowded and one that has never led any woman astray. It lacks much of the glamour of the new and the promise of the theoretical, but it has all the assurance of the proven.

I. Honour thine own womanhood that thy days may be long and happy in the house which thy husband provideth for thee.

A woman's chief charm is in her womanliness.

By it she rules. Let her forsake it and, like Samson shorn of his locks, her strength is departed from her and she knows it not.

Men may compliment her swagger, laugh at her vulgarity and applaud her immodesty, but they surrender to her womanhood.

A woman can rule as long as she keeps her husband looking up to her. If she steps down to his level she becomes his servant.

No woman can hope to compete successfully with men in grossness, indecency, graft, corruption and immorality, but in womanliness she has a quality which no man can imitate and for which there is a market unexcelled.

Delicacy, refinement, culture and modesty will make any woman vastly more effective, even in the world of business and politics, than profanity, cigarette stains, hard liquor or audacity.

Why should women undertake to compete in fields in which they can never hope for more than the most ordinary success, when they might train for a field which pays big profits and in which they have a monopoly?

The demand for idealism, spirituality, courageous convictions and altruism, has been mounting steadily. This is woman's native element. By her feminine genius she is able to discern moral values and achieve spiritual ideals more readily than men.

Therefore, exalt your womanhood and exult in your womanliness!

II. Expect not thy husband to give thee as many luxuries at first as thy father hath given thee after many years of hard labour and economies.

No woman can afford to allow her happiness to depend upon the furnishings of her home nor the clothes she wears. The most valuable years (and oftentimes the most happy) that any husband and wife spend together are those during which they face hardships and are compelled to economize.

Remember that your husband's business experience is almost as far short of your father's as your home-making experience is short of your mother's and the most faithful and industrious husband can be discouraged and defeated by a prodigal spender in the home-line trenches.

When a woman stands before the wedding altar and pledges her life to the man she loves, she makes a public announcement to all the world that she is willing to be content with such comforts and luxuries as he is able to provide for her with honour.

Every girl has a right to ask of her lover before he becomes her husband that he shall be able to provide for her when he is her husband. If she is not satisfied with his earning capacity the time to express that dissatisfaction is before the wedding ceremony and not afterward.

Very few men have ever increased their earning capacity because of complaints, but many have done so as a result of encouragement.

III. Forget not the virtue of good humour, for verily all that a man hath will he give for a woman's smile.

If a husband comes home from work surly and disagreeable, be prepared to feed him back to amiability.

Fill his ears with compliments. Tell him he is a handsomer man tonight than he was the night you married him. He will know that it is not true, but he will enjoy hearing *you* say it just the same. And, perhaps, if you say it a little oftener he will pay less attention to it when someone else begins saying it. It will not sound so novel and interesting.

Do not remind him of the successful men you might have married if he had not married you. It may be that he, too, had other chances.

IV. Thou shalt not nag.

Enough said!

Much talking is a weariness to any man. One opinion stoutly believed and firmly expressed is worth many hours of petulant talk or tearful pleadings.

Experiment with silence! Any man can answer an accusation with harsh words, but silence accuses, confuses, argues, defies, pleads, threatens and terrifies, and for it there is no answer.

If you must speak firmly, lower your voice. No one ever heard two people quarrelling in whispers.

V. Thou shalt coddle thy husband, for verily every man loveth to be fussed over.

It is far better to accomplish your purposes through the artful subtleties of affectionate intrigue than by angrily telling him where to head in and then fighting it out.

Any man is easiest to handle when he thinks he is having his own way.

Gentle caresses, his favourite dish, sincere solicitude and soothing assurances are fine domestic accomplishments. No time is better spent than that in which a woman makes her husband think he is the master of his house though he may be serving the master.

Very few men are the head of their house. They are the neck. They support the head.

Coddling pays! Dear old Ben Johnson once said, "A man in general is better pleased when he has a good dinner than when his wife talks Greek."

VI. Remember that the frank approval of thy husband is worth more to thee than the side-long glances of many strangers.

Do you remember how, before your wedding day, every ribbon and bit of lace or jewelry was pinned in place with the thought of pleasing him? Do you remember how all the approval of all other men in the world turned to ashes when he disapproved?

You taught him to love your hair, your smile, your eyes and your merry laughter. You won him

by making it the chief object of your life to please him and you can continue to rule him by the same tactics.

She who becomes enamoured of the admiring glances of those who have no right to love her stands in a slippery place.

VII. Forget not the grace of cleanliness and good dressing.

Not every woman can have a fur coat, high-priced cars or expensive jewelry, but any woman can be clean.

Love knows no greater handicap than the sight of an ungroomed woman in a dirty dressing gown at supper time.

VIII. Permit no one to assure thee that thou art having a hard time of it; neither thy mother, nor thy sister, nor thy maiden aunt, nor any of thy kinsfolk, for the judge will not hold her guiltless who letteth another disparage her husband.

No one is the friend of any home who seeks to implant therein the seeds of distrust, suspicion or discontent.

He who ventures to give advice must assume responsibility for the outcome if the advice is accepted and nowhere is more encouragement and less advice needed than in a new home.

IX. Keep thy home with all diligence, for out of it will come the joys of thine old age.

Seek first to be a good home-maker and the chiefest joy of life shall be added unto you.

The whole world celebrates "Mother's Day," and men wear white carnations in their buttonholes, but no nation has any day set apart for honouring women in politics or grand opera, and no man ever wore a white rose because he knew a vaudeville actress.

Though you can make a speech that thrills the multitudes and though you talk glibly of golf and bridge, if you cannot keep your own home and feed your family wholesome meals you are a failure as a home-maker and a disappointment unto your family.

No electric lights flashing your name on Broadway will ever equal in brilliancy the light in the eyes of little children who call you "mother." The applause of no audience can ever warm your heart like the caress of baby arms about your neck.

New stars are always rising in the musical firmament and younger women are elected to public office, but no one forgets a mother. Press notes and the critic's praise will grow stale and comfortless, but family reunions and the joys one finds in the success of our little ones can never grow old.

X. Commit thy ways unto the Lord thy God and thy children shall rise up and call thee blessed.

Since mothers make the homes there can be no God in her home which she does not enthrone there.

It is better to be in partnership with God in the rearing of righteous children than to be elected to the highest office in the state federation while your boys are going to the devil.

The last ones to leave the cross on Calvary were women; the first ones to arrive at the open tomb were women. No one has benefitted more from Christianity than woman and no one owes Christianity more. "Women are a new race," says Henry Ward Beecher, "re-created since the world received Christianity."

All that a little child knows about God he learns from his mother. *She is God to him* for the first few years of his existence. She it is who measures the heights to which he may aspire by the hopes she plants within his soul. From his mother he draws his ideals, standards and judgments, as he draws his nourishment from her breasts.

Oliver Wendell Holmes explained the Revolutionary War by saying, "The revolution the Boston boys started had to run in mother's milk before it ran in man's blood."

The world has never known a more powerful partnership than the one that is set up between God and womanhood when a mother begins praying for her children.

XI

WHAT IS RIGHT WITH YOUTH?

"WHAT is wrong with our young people?" has been asked so many times of late by everybody that it is about time someone asked the question, "What is right with youth?"

No observing person can be blind to the sins and follies of the younger generation. Their risque styles, wild adventures, mad search for thrills, brazen immodesty and revolt against authority raise questions which cannot be dismissed with airy optimism.

But in spite of all the alarming tendencies of these "moderns" our young people also exhibit certain characteristics which, if capitalized and rightly invested, will make them the most achieving generation the race has ever produced.

Tens of thousands of young people are becoming very sensitive to the criticism that is being levelled at them. Youth has been told so often and so contemptuously that they are a problem that they are now acting the part. A little child will act in a perfectly normal and winsome manner until he becomes aware of the fact that he is being watched.

After that he tries to be interesting and loses all his winsomeness.

We have made the present generation self-conscious. We have studied them, weighed them, analyzed them, discussed them like so many zoological specimens often without allowing them to state their own case or express their own judgments—criticized them and suspicioned them until they have developed a bad case of smart-aleckism.

They are neither all good nor all bad, nor are their parents. We find the boisterous and the modest, the sex-obsessed and the self-masterful, the religious and the renegades, the wholesome and the wanton in both generations.

They are paradoxical. One moment they are care-free and the next moment serious; daring and wild one day and conservative and demure the next. But this is because they are strangers to themselves. The strange, wild, tumultuous forces within them are untested, unexplored. They have a great curiosity about life. They want to know. Every passion, emotion, impulse and motive is being studied, examined, classified and tried. Nothing is taboo. They have not yet learned the difference between good and bad impulses and so give free rein to all.

But youth resents being called bad *all* the time. Deep down in their hearts they think some great thoughts—clean, high, daring, hopeful, unselfish thoughts. They attack problems with all the dar-

ing of the lion-hearted. Conscious of their own virtue they become impatient of their elders who insist upon judging them solely by their foolish excesses.

It is a question of mutual understanding. Neither generation seems to be able to get the other's viewpoint. Without minimizing the mistakes or shutting our eyes to the follies of the younger generation, I want to suggest the following seven symptoms of modern youth for the consideration of the older generation with the hope that the wisdom of maturity may find some way to enlist these exquisite forces and motives in the task of redeeming civilization.

Modern youth is asking WHY? The word WHY is the most revolutionary word in the language. It marks the beginning of science and the hope of progress.

Any generation that does not ask WHY? with intelligence and persistence will be enslaved to superstition and beset with fears. If it attempts to answer that question it discovers a world of order in which cause and effect are directly related.

Apples had been falling for centuries and no one was the wiser or better until a youth, Isaac Newton by name, asked WHY? and the discovery of the law of gravitation was the result of his insistence.

Electric motors had been built for several decades, but the unexplained losses of energy

made it utterly impossible to estimate in advance what power a given motor might develop when completed. Then a youth, Charles P. Steinmetz by name, asked WHY? and would not rest until he had an answer, with the result that the discovery of the law of hysteriosis has completely revolutionized the industry.

By asking WHY? men have discovered that disease is no longer a visitation of the gods' anger without cause, but a visitation of bacteria which have multiplied in filth. The deep thunders of the storm are not the angry mutterings of whimsical deities, but understandable results of natural forces. Men do not fear that which they understand. They fortify and safeguard themselves and then utilize these same forces to lighten their own labours.

Social standards, political systems, economic rules or religious doctrines that cannot offer a satisfactory answer to this question Why? deserve to fall and out of the wreckage we will build a happier and a better world.

Because youth asks Why? in seriousness and candour, he listens to that preaching which tells him what he *can* believe without insisting upon what he *must* believe.

He has found mighty forces warring within himself and is waiting for someone who can point out to him a way, a truth and a life that will stand up under the batterings of his WHYS?

He will not be satisfied with a mere "Thou shalt not." He wants to know *why* he shall not, and, let it be said to the credit of his native good sense, where that WHY is convincing, *he does not.*

Modern youth is in love with life. He is no cynic peering through yellow or blue glasses. He looks out upon life as a great and glorious adventure in which he is determined to have a thrilling experience. He may distrust old standards and refuse to be governed by conventions, but that is because he believes they rob him of a part of his rights as an adventurer.

He feels himself foreordained to happiness. If he seems possessed with a mania for thrills and excitement it is because he is trying to crowd into the brief span of seventy years every joy and experience that life has to offer.

He is too young and inexperienced to know that there are some thrills in life which cannot be played with except at great hazard. The burnt child may dread the fire, but it has always been hard for the unburned to take the advice of the burned, and the present generation of youth is not peculiar in this respect.

Modern youth is a creature of enthusiasm. There is none too much of this fine virtue in the world.

Enthusiasm has moved every mountain of impossibility that was ever moved, promoted every reform that has ever substituted new worlds for old

and dried up every river of doubt that has ever disappeared.

The enthusiasm of youth has saved the world in many another generation. Luther was but a youth when he nailed those theses to the cathedral door. Loyola was but a youth when he started the counter-reformation. Copernicus was but a youth when he began upsetting worlds. The Wesleys were turning England upside down in their youth. Pasteur was upsetting scientific worlds when he was but a youth. Jesus of Nazareth did all His preaching before He was thirty-three and the enthusiasm of the young man Paul spread the Christian gospel throughout the Roman world.

Youth has always fought and won the wars and old age has made the peace. History, thus far, seems to indicate that the wars have been much more successful than the peace.

Who knows but that the enthusiasm of our youth may be the saving element in our civilization when the world seems committed to war, hatred, malice, greed and suspicion. Cynicism, pessimism, doubt and conservatism without vision are the sins of maturity. A new world cannot be built on such hopeless ruins without the fire of enthusiasm to warm us into life.

Modern youth is waiting to serve. No generation of youth was ever more ready to respond to a mighty challenge to unselfish living. The writer has stood upon college platforms and

sounded the call to high and sacrificial service and seen them respond by the scores and hundreds.

Thousands of those who went cheerfully to war to make the world safe for democracy are now ready to go to the stake, if need be, that this old world shall never again be drenched in blood.

The churches can get more young people to give their lives for missionary causes than it can get money from the older generation to send them to the fields.

The fact that thousands of youths are accused of "radicalism" may not be an indictment. It may be that these young people, feeling that there is something wrong with the world, are willing to sacrifice their lives, if necessary, to help put the world right. They have no fortunes to lose, but they are willing to give their lives.

Modern youth is candid. He indulges publicly in follies his father practised secretly. When he has doubts he airs them. When he ceases to believe in something he does not continue a pretense of believing it for prudential reasons.

Dr. Glenn Frank once said, "Do not fear the man who is talking. You know what he is thinking. It is the man who thinks without talking who is to be feared. No one knows what he may do."

Modern youth is busy. If he makes more mistakes and blunders than his father did it is also true that he solves more problems correctly, for he

is faced with the necessity of making ten decisions where his father made one.

Our young people did not make their world—they inherited it. We have thrust them out into the most difficult and confusing universe that any generation of young people ever had to solve. They did not invent the automobile, the radio, the movies, the dance halls, the comic supplements. Neither did they invent modern science, sex theories or divorce courts. They found these things in their world and have not yet learned how to handle them.

They are living in an era of high blood pressure, high test gasoline, high frequency waves, high powered motors, high pressure salesmanship and self-starters. They cannot be expected to sit demurely down and let "the rest of the world go by."

Modern youth is practical. He may know very little about the ancient classics, but he knows everything about the family car.

The modern girl may not be able to stitch an old-fashioned sampler, but she can give you a run for your money on the tennis court. She may not be able to do all her own sewing, but she does do all her own thinking.

Youth does not ask, "Is this the way it has always been done?" but "Is this the best way to do it?" Nothing is venerated because it is venerable, but because it is efficient.

The real problem is not what shall we do with our young people, but what will we let them do for us?

They must not be judged by the jazz-mad minority on the one hand nor the stolid few on the other hand.

American youth are, as a rule, lovable, generous, willing and high-minded. If they are virtuous it is because they have been tested and their virtue has persisted. They are not the sensitive plants of the hot-house, but the supple and vigorous young trees of the out-of-doors.

They are philosophers without being philosophical, religious without being theological, educated without being learned, and academic and loyal without being subservient.

It is now the task of the older generation to assimilate this new race into the old world and out of the process shall come a better world.

XII

BORN RICH

I HAVE discovered that most folk are much more interested in the speaker than in his speech. They want to know who he is, where he comes from, what his political and religious beliefs are, etc., etc. They spend half the time he is talking wondering about him.

Perhaps readers are something like listeners. At any rate I am going to risk the danger of being called conceited and use one chapter to tell about myself.

I am a rich man. In fact, I was born rich. My parents were American citizens and I was born to the high privilege of citizenship in this republic. Any boy so born is rich.

A group of foreign folk were being presented with their naturalization papers last winter and a famous judge had given the address of the evening. He spoke impressively of the meaning of citizenship in the United States contrasted with citizenship in some of the old monarchies of Europe. He explained that in America every man is a king—that in balloting booths we give orders to rulers and legislatures who are, in fact, our servants.

When the papers were presented I saw a big, rough Norwegian take the documents in trembling hands and with tears streaming down his face hold them closely to his heart. After the ceremonies were over I spoke to him and extended congratulations. In broken English and in a voice shaken with emotion he said, "I have waited seven long years for this. It is the greatest day of my life. *Now I am an American.*"

As I beheld his joy and realized what American citizenship meant to him I was reminded of the words of the Apostle Paul to his Roman guard, "*But I was free born.*"

I am the spiritual descendant of those who fought at Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill. The blood of Ticonderoga, Valley Forge and Yorktown was shed for me. John Paul Jones, Ethan Allen and George Washington are my spiritual forebears. I am an American, *not by adoption, but by birth.*

Every door is open to me because I am an American.

When I was old enough to begin my education the finest free school system in the world was at my disposal. I did not need a rich father to secure my admission. I had a rich uncle—Uncle Sam. When I completed my elementary education a magnificent high school was waiting and after that a state-supported university—all free! The son of the richest man in our town

could have no more than I—the son of a poor miller.

If I had entered politics I could have aspired to the highest honours in the land for which my talents and abilities fitted me. The United States of America has rarely elected a rich man's son to the presidency, and no rich man's son ever sat as chief justice of the nation. The history of American politics and diplomacy shows that no man has ever been debarred from high honours because of lowly birth, if he had ability and ambition.

In commerce I could have won my way without interference of class or handicap of birth. Every great American fortune has been accumulated by a poor boy of genius and ambition who was willing to work. No American was ever made rich because he was a friend of aristocracy. Carnegie, Rockefeller, Ford, Edison, Morgan—*they all began with bare hands, ideas and a willingness to work.*

The field of literature or journalism would have been open wide to me. I would have needed no patronage of nobility. Longfellow, Emerson, Whitman, Lowell, Whittier—none of these were the playthings of courts. If I have something important to say America does not ask about my parentage before she listens.

Wealth could not *buy* for me anywhere in the world what my American citizenship *gives* me!

I was born into a Christian home! A brilliant

young Korean journalist sat as our guest at dinner one day. In the midst of the conversation I said to him, "Doctor, what is the thing that has impressed you most in America?" Without the slightest hesitation he replied, "This," and with a polite gesture he indicated the little family seated about the table. "We have nothing in all the Orient that compares with your Christian homes."

The most beautiful picture that hangs on the walls of my memory is of my father kneeling, early in the morning, with his family about him, and praying for the blessing of God upon the day. He died without leaving me a dollar, but that picture has made me rich.

My father taught me my first lessons in Christian patience, chivalry, patriotism and honour. My mother taught me optimism, gave me a love for the beautiful, and poured ambition into my soul. Any boy with such a heritage needs little more. If he lacks what my father and mother gave me, no fortune or social position will ever atone for his poverty.

With the heritage of a Christian home, any boy is rich!

I was bequeathed the necessity to work. A great educator once said, "If I teach my boy to work, he will not need any money I can leave him. If I do not teach him to work, no money that I can leave will help him any."

My father saved me from many heartaches and

heavy blows when he taught me to expect nothing from this world for which I had not worked. If I do not get what I go after it is because I have not worked hard enough. This principle saves me from much bitterness of spirit and has brought rich rewards.

Those who have to work are always the happiest. The busy have much more fun in life than the idle, for it hurts less to be tired than to be bored. Waste no pity on the youth who is compelled to work. Save your sympathy for the one who has never learned how and does not know the delicious thrill of having thrown his whole soul into the doing of a worthy task.

No man is a gentleman who has not learned to work. Jesus, the world's finest gentleman, was a carpenter.

Blessed are those who live off their own labours, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.

I have as much as any man has had. My alphabet has twenty-six letters in it, with a few punctuation marks for good measure. Shakespeare had no more. The neighbourhood I live in furnishes as much material for tragedies, romances and comedies as the world in which the great master of English drama lived. Think what he could do if he lived in our town! Think what I can do with that alphabet and eyes to see.

My octave has eight tones in it with half-tones scattered in between. Beethoven, Wagner, Verdi

or Handel had no more. There are great symphonies still unwritten and many songs still unsung which some inspired soul will find some day with the help of that octave.

My spectrum has just as many colours as Millet's, Corot's, Angelo's or Leonardo's. There are greater pictures yet to be painted by some soul of inspired genius.

I began life with a strong body, the divine right to think, a soul that aspires and in a world of endless and beautiful variety wherein to find my work. What more could even a poor boy ask for?

It is now up to me!

I was born a favourite of the Almighty. Through millions of years He has been preparing a world for me, filling it with wealth and beauty. He buried the trees and changed them into coal to keep me warm. He filled the spaces with power and taught men to control it through dynamos, generators and motors. He compels the atoms and molecules to do my will.

He has taught the ninety-two elements to react according to law and the chromosomes to carry the burden of civilization and progress.

Between the universes over my head and the universes under my feet, I stand as a child of good-fortune.

In the mind of the Almighty there is an ambitious plan for me. Greater than any mountain, dearer in His sight than any oil deposit or ledge

of gold ore, as eternal as time, I am an immortal soul.

I represent the crown of creation, the finest and highest fruitage of the ages of evolution. I am a living soul.

The sky can reflect the glory of God, but I can appreciate that glory. The mountain can show the handiwork of God, but I can think the thoughts of God. The river can flow unto the sea, but I run unto eternity. The violet drinks the dew that He sends, but "in him I live and move and have my being."

As I find God's plan for me I find life.

Surely, I was born rich!

XIII

FORTUNE TELLERS

A QUEER looking old woman with a soiled shawl and the face of a witch came to my office door one morning, begging for the privilege of telling my fortune. She promised to give me valuable information concerning my future in love, business and personal fortune, if I would pay her a quarter and allow her to see the lines in the palm of my hand.

Now I do not believe in palmistry, but the coin I gave the old woman was a small price for the interesting fifteen minutes she gave me. In that quarter of an hour I learned her trade.

I am a fortune teller, now, myself. I do not read palms, but I can read the future for young men and women. I have practiced my " black art " for several years with unfailing success and am offering my services free to the public.

I do not care to see the lines in your palm, but I would like to see certain other tell-tale factors in your life.

Let me see your savings bank book. No man ever becomes rich by what he earns, but by what he saves.

A young man in financial difficulties came to me one day for advice. He had a decent job, steady work and a string of debts. He was honest and wanted to be out of debt, but after months of ineffectual effort he seemed to be making no headway.

"I would be all right, if I could only get a job where I could make a little more money," said the youth dejectedly.

"That's where you are mistaken," I replied. "No salary can save you because you have never learned to live on less than your income. At fifteen dollars you are in debt. If you were getting fifty dollars a week you would be deeper in debt."

No man can be trusted to handle fifty dollars every week who has not learned to handle fifteen. We do not trust boys with hundred horse-power cars who have demonstrated their inability to handle ten horse-power machines.

The youth who has determined to save can do so, regardless of the salary he is earning. It is merely a question of keeping one's expenditures below one's income. This means that the first money taken out of the pay envelope must go into the savings bank.

Savings must be set aside before spending begins or there never will be any savings. Of course, it will deprive us of a few trips to the movies or the manicurist while we are young, but it will save a good many trips to the Associated Charities when we are old.

The amount you save is not important, but the habit of saving is. This explains why a savings bank book is such a revealer of character. If your deposits have been regular it proves that you are careful and systematic, that you are accustomed to living according to a plan, that you are not apt to be taken unawares. It means that you have executive ability of a high order, for any man who has learned to exercise authority over a crew of dollars on Saturday night is a real business manager.

The young man who came to me had never learned to walk past a soda fountain on a hot day without weakening. A show-window full of bright ties was his undoing. He was the slave of every whim, fancy, notion, impulse and idea that struck him.

He was in debt because *he had bought things he could do without.* He had to endure a procession of bill-collectors because he could not endure being out of style.

Your savings bank book tells me whether or not you will go on long journeys, whether you will succeed in business, have money, buy beautiful cars and clothes, and whether you are going to push your projects to a successful finish.

Let me see your first two fingers. Are they cigarette-stained?

I am not moralizing; I am only telling your fortune.

I know many men who smoke, but I know of none who are successful *because* they smoke. Neither do I know of one who will give the preference to a cigarette-smoker if he can find a non-smoker of equal ability.

On the other hand, I know of men who are smokers themselves who will not employ smokers under any circumstances, and I know of none who will not give the preference to the non-smoker if his qualifications are equal.

The cigarette smoker puts himself on the non-preferred list.

The man who advertises "No cigarette smoker need apply" may be a crank and a fanatic, but *remember, he has a job to offer.*

Those two first fingers, cigarette-stained, tell me that you are enslaved to nerves that have been trained to demand their daily potion of nicotine. My experience has taught me that those nerves are liable to go on a strike at any time, especially in the midst of a great strain, and demand their nicotine.

Those cigarette stains tell me that you will interrupt a business conference or important engagement to roll or light a cigarette, that you are helpless and undone except when supplied with "fags," that you are never at your best except when you are dividing your attention between your business and your smoking.

Yellow stains on the first two fingers are a very

bad sign. They bring bad luck. Look out for them.

Let me see your waste-basket. A man is known by the company he keeps, the magazines he buys and the advertisements he throws away.

If your waste-basket is full of advertisements of oil-stock, easy money and sure-fire investments it is a good sign. And now abideth earnings, savings and management; but the greatest of these is management.

If you have thrown away an advertisement of a good book or the announcement of an educational lecture, it is a bad sign.

If your waste-basket contains the crumpled pages of the letter you wrote yesterday in anger it is an exceedingly healthful sign. No man ever regrets destroying the letter written in wrath.

Watch your waste-basket. It tells many things about you.

Let me see your library card. "Reading is thinking with another man's head," said a wise man whose name I cannot now remember.

Suppose you could think with the head of the greatest scientists for just one hour—men like Herschel, Pasteur, Newton, Burbank or Sir Oliver Lodge. Suppose the brains of the best poets were offered to you for one evening—men like Gœthe, Keats, Milton, Dante or Longfellow. Or suppose that the greatest thinkers of the century offered to think for you some night—men like Socrates,

Spinoza, Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius. Would you accept?

That is what your library card offers.

An unused library card shows you do not know a bargain when you see it. If, on the other hand, your card shows frequent journeyings to the house of knowledge it means that you have a partner of power and usefulness who will befriend you in every emergency.

But that card also shows what kind of reading you are doing—whether you are stirring up the grey neurons or tantalizing your emotions. It will show whether you are reading with a purpose or by accident. It tells me whether you know the difference between the temporary and the eternal.

It is said that Thomas A. Edison, as a boy, attempted to read every book in the Detroit Public Library. After reading all the books on fifteen feet of shelves he concluded that no man could read them all, but that he must choose some and leave the rest.

His success since then has been the result of wise choices. He has read the permanent and let others waste their time on the immediate.

Your library card tells me whether or not you are storing up good luck for yourself.

Let me see your engagement book. A man is what he is when he does as he pleases. Leisure time is a mighty temptation or a golden opportunity. Your engagement book tells me what

you do and where you go when you do as you please.

If your engagement book shows all your leisure time filled with entertainment it is a bad sign. Man cannot live on laughter alone.

If no hours are set apart for study and self-improvement, I can see a great disappointment coming to you. It may be a disappointment in business, the loss of a coveted promotion, or you may see the ambitions of a lifetime fail of realization at the last moment. The big chances of life go to the man who is prepared for them. They seldom give one a chance to get ready after they arrive.

Beware of an engagement book that shows nothing but entertainment in the leisure spaces.

Let me see the pictures on your walls. A man becomes a part of the things with which he is surrounded. Lewd pictures on the walls, vulgar jokes and poems in his pocket-book and salacious magazines on his reading table take a heavy toll of virtue.

The man who fills his soul with memories of the beautiful and good, whose mind dwells on great and noble themes, whose spirit is never assailed by recollections of the lewd and low has the strength of many men.

Francis Bacon once said, "Seek first the things of the mind and all other things will be added unto you or the lack of them will not be noticed."

Let me see your alarm-clock on Sunday morning. A good Sunday makes a better Monday.

The man who sleeps until noon, loafs around until five, goes for a walk or a drive until six, dines and spends the rest of the night at a show has had a " nut Sunday."

No man has received the most from life, who has not left some time in his week for worship.

Let me see your golf sticks. The story is told of Andrew Carnegie that he was one day playing golf with a young man who was making an exceptionally good showing. The famous Scot, after watching a particularly good drive, turned to his companion and said, " Young man, a good game of golf indicates that you have been giving due concern to the question of your health by taking outdoor exercise, but a game, too good, is an indication of a mis-spent youth."

Many other things might tell me much about your future, but if you look closely you can discover their warning without my assistance. Many trifles are fortune tellers.

XIV

AN EMPTY VICTORY

BISHOP WILLIAM A. QUAYLE lay dying in his little cottage home near Baldwin, Kansas. In the tiny yard behind the vine-covered house stood a low wooden tower in which hung a bell taken from a church wherein the bishop had preached, when a young man.

Turning to one of his loved ones who stood watching by his bedside, the stricken man said, "When I am carried out of this house, I want you to ring that bell. Do not toll it! Ring it! Ring it, as if you were calling the harvest hands in to dinner, for this will be the happiest day of my life —the one for which I have lived and laboured all my days."

As the funeral cortege prepared to leave the yard a few days later, the bell began to ring heartily, gladly, triumphantly. The unusual procedure startled the mourners. Then the significance of the wild pealing bell grew upon them and some actually broke into song. It seemed perfectly natural, for this was the crowning day of a sainted man.

Why should death be always wrapped in a man-

tle of mourning? It must be because the pain of parting with loved ones has blinded us to the victory of the human spirit over death.

Standing among the mourners, I have often contrasted the little that has been taken with the much that is left, and said to myself, "Surely the victory of the grave is an empty one, though the victory of death seems eternal and complete."

To stand by the cold, still form of a loved one and judge by appearances, one might be forgiven for thinking that the victory is complete. The voice is still; lips that once spoke words of tenderness are forever closed; eyes that flashed merrily will never open again; hands that once lifted heavy burdens are powerless in death.

But one is not safe in judging by appearances.

Looking out upon a snow-covered world, one would say that the earth was dead, but appearances are deceptive, for experience has shown that "if winter comes spring is not far behind." Watching a sunrise, one might say the earth is flat and that the sun leaps up from the east and drops into the west, but again appearances are deceptive, for even little schoolboys can prove the sphericity of the earth. To see the blossom fall from the tree, one might say that all beauty has perished, but, if petals fall, fruit is not far behind.

In spite of the apparent finality of the grave, therefore, its victory is one of appearances only. If we were to exchange all that is left for the little

that has been taken it would be a sorry bargain indeed.

The grave has no power to rob us of memory!

The human mind possesses no more marvellous power than memory. The ability to go back into the past and reconstruct scenes and circumstances until the spiritual thrill is experienced again is nothing short of miraculous.

To appreciate the meaning of memory one must try to imagine what life would be without it. Every scene would be new. Every person we met would be a stranger. There would be no past tense. Life could have no dimensions. There could be no judgment. Everything would begin and end with the present sensation. Having no memory, we could have no experience, we could have no anticipation. Life would thus lose all direction, purpose, goal and incentive. Ambition would be a mockery. Pleasure would be impossible or accidental. Progress would be undreamed of and unwanted. Memory gives us the key to life's deepest meanings and death has no power to rob us of our memories.

As you stand by the side of your friend beloved, now wrapped in the silence of death, memory comes laden with rich reminders of beautiful experiences, conversations and circumstances. How they steal the grief and pain away! What tender ministrations they perform through the years of loneliness! The grave will hold the body. And even if we

could snatch that precious temple of the spirit back and hold it through the years it could not strengthen the soul nor inspire the heart. *But memory can.*

All the kind words, unselfish actions, helpful appreciation and radiant smiles of our loved ones remain ours through the miracle of memory. Nothing the grave can inflict is sufficient to deprive us of the joy that flowed from helpful hours together, nor despoil the inspiration that comes through friendship's sacred intimacies.

The grave has no power over influence. The most influential man in America is not the President in the White House, but Abraham Lincoln in his tomb at Springfield, Illinois. The great emancipator, by the power of his influence, rules America. Death even enhances the power of that influence, for Mr. Lincoln, alive, was villified and abused, but dead, he is idealized and idolized.

The years ahead will bring back the words of wisdom uttered by our friends with greater force than when they were spoken in life, for when they lived we listened respectfully, but now that they lie in the embrace of death we count their words as though they might be prayer beads.

The grave has no power to rob us of inspiration! The oldest question men ask is this: "If a man dies shall he live again?" and the grave is compelled to admit that he does. He lives in the lives of his friends.

My father taught me many truths while I played about the big mill in which he worked. Much that he taught me years ago I will teach to my son. He, in turn, will doubtless teach these things to his son, and thus my father lives and the inspiration of his minted wisdom will go on to the generations yet unborn.

Hopes, ideals, ambitions—these never die; they can never be buried in any grave. Let a mother fill her soul with such and pour them out upon her children and she can never die, but will live again and again in her children and in her children's children. Fathers, friends, teachers, leaders, and the company of the glorious and transfigured go on living in the inspirations they continue to disseminate among men.

The grave has no power to rob us of hope. Whether there be philosophy or reason it shall fail; or whether there be wisdom and knowledge it shall vanish away; or whether there be doctrine or belief it shall be transcended, but *hope never dies.*

Hope does not ask for reason or proof—it only asks for time. The intellect may abjectly accept the verdict of appearances and lie crushed to earth, but hope rises on white wings and soars among the clouds until the sun rises.

The grave has no power to rob us of faith! We do not live by proof, but by faith. The greatest achievements of the race have been launched, not on demonstrable fact, but on justifiable faith.

We do not owe our belief in immortality to the intellectual pygmies of the race, but to the greatest souls that ever walked among men, those who towered among us as giants. Copernicus, Sir Isaac Newton, Shakespeare, John Fisk—these whose intellectual stature could never be called in question held a sturdy belief in immortality that could not be shaken.

This universal faith in immortality is not a creation of priests, but a fundamental expression of the instincts of the race. The belief in immortality persists, not because it is demonstrable, but because it is reasonable and because, when once accepted, it produces more life and answers to a great need of the human soul.

So many lives are finished before they are well begun, so many hopes are unfulfilled, so many ambitions unrealized, so many spirits unmatured that only a term of eternity will suffice to justify the travail of humanity.

All the rest of nature shows maturity before death. Who can say, therefore, of the human spirit with its infinite capacities, its vast undisturbed and unused areas of consciousness and subconsciousness that it reaches its full maturity before the grave. It will take an eternity to explore and develop the capacity of the human soul.

The grave has no power to rob us of the Christian promise! The pivotal teaching of the Christian faith is the resurrection of Jesus.

The Christian martyrs of the early centuries went to their death rather than give up their faith in that fact. Nineteen centuries of Christian preaching has hinged upon it. If Jesus had not risen the human spirit would demand something equally convincing.

We do not prove the doctrine of immortality by argument, but by trust. We put our confidence in the belief and it works. Peace, poise, confidence, assurance, meaning and strength flow from the doctrine to the soul of the man who believes. Let the belief, therefore, be judged by its fruits.

The resurrection of Jesus proves the superiority of the spirit over materialism. The final thrust, the deadliest wound, the last word of materialism is the grave. But when the spirit of Jesus rose, triumphantly from the grave, He demonstrated the powerlessness of things to hold human spirits.

The teaching of the resurrection of Jesus, reduced to its simplest terms, is this: If the grave could not hold Jesus of Nazareth, bound, then *neither can it hold our friend bound.* Because He lives, we, too, shall live.

Whatever be the victory of the grave it is an empty victory, for Easter is the answer of our faith to the finality of the grave.

With memory, influence, inspiration, hope, faith and the promise left to us, then

"Oh, Death, where is thy sting?
Oh, Grave, where is thy victory?"

XV

THE GREATEST GAME IN THE WORLD

PLAYGROUNDS have as much influence on citizenship as school-rooms, for play is the work of childhood by which we learn the lessons of life.

On the playground a child learns to take knocks without the sheltering refuge of mother's skirts behind which to hide. In games he learns the lessons of co-operation; to march in the ranks and take orders; for no successful army was ever composed entirely of generals.

There is very little that citizenship requires that is not taught on playgrounds by the rough and ready fashion of boys and girls. Let me see the games of a nation and I will know the character of its people.

Football is life in miniature. The emergencies of the play, the desperate struggle, the ebb and flow of the contest and the cheering sidelines—all of this is life.

Perhaps the football enthusiast will hold me in fine contempt for watching a game and drawing lessons from the play instead of losing myself in the wild enthusiasm of the hour, but I enjoy football because it teaches much about life.

The Kick-off. I have watched many football games, but I have seen very few touchdowns made off the kick-off. The biggest scores are always piled up by line bucks, end runs and forward passes.

Very few men make a great success of their first sermon, their first plea to the jury, their first song, poem, novel, sales-talk or business venture.

Success that comes too easily or too quickly is very dangerous, for we are liable to wait for it to come again that way and life's most successful people are those who were willing to pay the biggest price in hard work for their success.

Edna Ferber began as a girl reporter on a little country newspaper in Wisconsin, when she was seventeen years old. For twenty years she worked. Scores of manuscripts were turned down by managing editors. Many of her best stories came back from the " copy desk " badly blue-pencilled. By 1924 she had published ten books, none of which had had a big sale. Then *So Big* was published and made her famous over night, *but Edna Ferber had waited twenty years for the big day.*

Waiting is one of the finest of the fine arts. It takes more strength of character to wait with patience than to work with desperation.

Geologists estimate that God took millions of years to build this world of ours. We can afford to wait a few years to find out all about how it was done. Chinese amber, very beautiful and precious,

is the product of ages upon ages of time. Youth and speed cannot duplicate the colours, flavours, judgments and wisdom of time.

We do not need to have all the problems of life solved before we are through our sophomore year in college.

On the other hand, great importance is attached to beginnings. Much depends upon the first attitude we take toward the new job, the new home, the new school. Much depends upon the first impression we make upon a new employer, a new audience, a new neighbourhood.

The first year of married life is always the most hazardous. If a young couple can get the right start, success is half insured. It is better to postpone the wedding a few months than to get a wrong start and spend years regaining the lost ground.

College presidents declare that seventy-five per cent of all freshmen ruin their chances for scholastic honours during their first semester. Brilliant work throughout the whole senior year will not atone for the havoc wrought by careless work during the first half of the freshman year.

Watch your kick-off!

The Two-Yard Line. In a great intercollegiate game a splendid team was being swept off its feet. The ball was rushed down the field toward their goal by a series of brilliant plays and finally downed on their two-yard line. Then something happened.

From the bleachers there rose a mighty roar of voices like human thunder all shouting one word—"Hold! Hold!! Hold!!!"

Something electric was in that word. The bewildered team suddenly gathered its senses, developed its team work and held the line impenetrable. The winners of a moment ago, confident of victory, plunged and struggled in vain. A few minutes more and the losers were the winners.

The most dangerous place on any football field is the two-yard line. Victory seems so near and yet we lose. Defeat is so near and we cannot hold.

The most dangerous place in life is where we almost win and actually lose.

Young people quit school at the end of their sophomore year—almost educated. They go to work with good prospects, come within sight of fine promotions and then lose out because someone with completed training passes them and goes on to the better job.

When Mark Twain was a mining prospector in Nevada, he with a friend was working a lead far up on the side of a mountain. Water had to be carried from a stream down in the valley for washing the ore and Mark Twain, as water carrier, had toiled for days at the dreary, fatiguing, discouraging task. After making trips innumerable up the mountain side without finding any silver he finally lost all spirit and rebelled, absolutely refusing to

carry another bucket of water. His partner's pleas were all in vain.

As the tired water-carrier turned his back on the mining claim and started back to the settlements his partner reluctantly left his pan, half-filled with rock, and followed him. That night a hard rain came and washed the ore, but the exhausted miners were far on their way and never returned to see what happened. A few days afterward other prospectors found the pan of ore, washed by the rain, and in the bottom of the pan the prized grains of silver. They camped near the spot until the law permitted them to take possession of the abandoned claim and soon afterward were rich as a result of their find. One more bucket of water would have found it for Mark Twain. He lost a fortune on the two-yard line! Difficulties, bad habits, temptations, obstacles, weaknesses and discouragements are our undoing just when victory is within reach. But all along the side lines is a host of friends—teachers, preachers, employers—shouting themselves hoarse.

Hold! Hold!! Hold!!!

Side Line Stars. A young high-school player, with a fair record, needed just one more game to win his letter. No honour that could come to him was so dear to his heart. During the week previous to the big game a star player, temporarily disqualified, became eligible and was showing marvellous ability in the practise plays. The big question

throughout the school was, "Who will play right half in Saturday's game?"

Just before the game started the coach called the two half backs to one side and said, "Dillman will play the first half of the game and Phelps the second. Dillman is faster and stronger, but the last half will put Phelps in the game and give him his letter."

Against a heavier and faster team the only thing that saved the day during the first half was Dillman's brilliant end runs and the first half ended without either side scoring.

A half minute before the second half was to begin Phelps came to the coach and said, "Coach, I'd rather win that letter than anything else in the world, but the team has to win. With Dillman they can. With me they can't. Put Dillman back. I'm willing to lose my letter if the team can win the game."

Phelps had made the greatest play of his life! He did more for his school on the side lines than he could have done on the field. But it is hard to play from the side lines unless we love a cause more than we love ourselves.

This is a hard lesson for parents to learn. They step in between their children and hard knocks. Of course they save the children pain, but they also prevent them from learning the lessons that only pain can teach.

It is hard to serve on the committee when we

wanted to be chairman. It is hard to take orders from the man who was promoted over our head. It is easier to weep with those who weep than to rejoice with those who rejoice.

The man who can take a place in the rear ranks for the sake of the cause, play second fiddle for the sake of the orchestra, do the drudgery for the sake of the party—of such is the kingdom of heaven.

Dirty Players. It was in the midst of a most exciting game and every player was summoning his last ounce of strength for the struggle. As the two teams went wildly, madly, desperately into that last rush two players out on the side fell together in a terrific smash. As they went down the K—— end, the most brilliant player on the field, kicked his opponent viciously in the back.

With a sharp, indignant command the referee ordered the dirty player off the field. His captain's pleadings and his own alibis were of no avail. There is no room on a football field for a dirty player.

But he did not suffer alone. As the referee paced off those twenty-five hard-won yards of penalty his teammates straggled down the field with heads bowed and hopes flagging. Three minutes more and the game was over. One dirty player had defeated an entire team—his own.

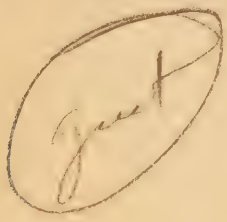
In the greatest game in the world we are constantly penalized for the dirty playing of our teammates. No man can sin unto himself. One son in

the family sins and the whole family bows its head in shame and humiliation. One girl lives foolishly and fast and all her friends are kept busy apologizing. One man in a church plays the hypocrite and a hundred honest and honourable folk are discredited. One coward defeats an army. One traitor betrays a nation.

No man can live as he pleases. Other people always help pay the price of our folly and have a right to protest beforehand. We, in turn, help to pay the cost of all the selfishness, sin and ignorance in the community.

One dirty player defeats a team and one criminal charges the cost of his crime to the entire community and everybody has to help pay. Raising the standards of sportsmanship is a gain for every player and raising the standards of citizenship is an economy for the good as well as the bad.

No man lives unto himself.



XVI

CAN SCIENCE SAVE THE WORLD?

OLD-FASHIONED mothers told their little ones about fairies, gnomes and sprites who performed astounding feats and conferred rich blessings upon their favourites, but modern science accomplishes miracles with light rays, ether waves, atoms and microbes which put fairy tales to shame. The most fanciful miracles of sprites and gnomes cannot compare with the actual achievements of these scientific super-sprites working with test-tubes, retorts and microscopes.

So many burdens have been lifted from tired shoulders, so many beautiful experiences and exquisite privileges have been added to life, marvels have multiplied so rapidly in modern laboratories and so many terrors have been banished that he would be an ingrate indeed who did not acknowledge his indebtedness to this modern magic.

Science has given us a beautiful world! Modern printing presses, rotogravure processes, off-set printing and copper etchings are carrying beauty into alleys and tenements for a few pennies. The average American boy can see more real art before he is twelve years old than Michelangelo saw dur-

ing his entire lifetime. The greatest orchestras and musicians of the world are standing before microphones and sending the finest music of all time into the uttermost corners of the earth. By means of the radio, talking machines and other reproducing devices the average American family has the privilege of hearing more good music than Beethoven, Wagner, Chopin or Weber ever dreamed of. Modern engineering and designing is erecting buildings, bridges, electric cranes, soda fountains, town pumps, automobiles, filling stations and viaducts which are a delight to every lover of beauty.

Science has given us a healthful world! The discovery of the microbic origin of disease sounded the death knell of scores of plagues and ailments. One-third of the multitude which witnessed George Washington's inauguration was marked with smallpox, Washington himself being badly disfigured by the disease. But no one ever sees a poc-marked audience today. Antitoxins have won the battle. Twenty years ago less than ten per cent of the victims of diphtheria recovered. Today less than ten per cent of the cases are fatal. Even tuberculosis could be eliminated in twenty years if modern medicine could have a fair chance. Dr. William Mayo, the famous surgeon, declares that prophylactic medicine has added ten years to the length of life of the average man.

Science has given us a luxurious world! We ride in cars more comfortable than king's chariots,

driven with the speed of lightning, over pavements like floors, on cushions of air. We wear clothes that kings and queens of a few centuries ago would have given their empires to possess. Modern sanitation, transportation and refrigeration have put the choicest viands of the world on the tables of the poorest. We live in houses heated by automatic oil-burning furnaces, tended by electric thermostats and temperature controls and fill our homes with electric labour-saving devices and appliances without number. We are lifted twenty stories in electric elevators in three seconds of time. We are brought into the world with twilight sleep and ushered out with anæsthetics and opiates.

Science has given us a convenient world! The telephone at our elbow puts us within twenty minutes of our friends wherever they are. The moving picture, the vitaphone, the radio and the television carry us to the ends of the earth, making globe-trotters of us as we recline comfortably on the davenport in the living-room. The morning newspapers (printed at the rate of sixty thousand per hour) bring us the latest news from unheard of corners of the earth.

Sir Isaac Newton, in his day, stepping from his laboratory after a thrilling experience, threw up his hands and exclaimed, "*Nothing is impossible.*"

It is not surprising that our generation, surveying the benefits science has conferred, should be inclined to bow down at the shrine of science and

worship at the feet of the gods. To many, therefore, it may sound impious to ask, "Can science save the world?" There seems to be so little that science cannot do. Therefore they ask impatiently, "Does the world need saving?"

There are, however, certain questions that may well be asked even after science has bestowed her marvellous benefits.

Science has added ten years to the length of an average man's life, but *what is the use of living longer if we are not to live for a better purpose?*

Science may perfect an instrument that will send a message around the world so that every man may hear without the aid of any instrument, but of *what use will such an instrument be if we have no message worth sending?*

Science may be able to give us a world of beauty, *but of what use is beauty if we have no power to appreciate it?*

Science can produce a perfect musical instrument, but from somewhere something must inspire the musician. Science can build a giant mogul that can haul the people of a nation across the continent, but something must be found to give us an engineer who can be trusted to run the engine when precious human freight is aboard the train. Science can build luxurious houses, but it cannot make beautiful homes.

Man cannot live on food, clothing and shelter. When he has eaten his fill, made his body com-

fortable and enjoyed all the physical satisfactions possible there still remain life's most significant interests and areas untouched. His deepest pains and highest joys are still unexperienced.

Mary Roberts Rinehart stated the problem well when she said, "We seem to think we are getting better when we are only getting better off." We are in danger of forgetting that a man's life does not consist of *what he owns,* but of *what he becomes.*

Jesus said, "A man's life consisteth not of the abundance of *things* he possesses."

The possession of power may be a blessing or a curse. Knowledge can be used to educate or exploit. Cleverness can lift us up or hold us up. Good servants can become tyrannical masters. Atoms may be used to make poison gas or palatable food. Engineering can produce labour-saving machinery or death-dealing devices. Salesmanship and psychology can change the thinking of a nation. Biology can be used to redeem the race or damn it.

Everything depends upon the character of the clever man, the chemist, the engineer, the psychologist, the biologist.

It is far more important that we shall have safe spiritual ideals than that we shall live under a safe economic system. Capitalism, socialism, communism, sovietism, democracy—none of these systems make as much difference in the welfare and happi-

ness of the people as the moral character and spiritual idealism of the nation. A godly people can live under almost any system and find a measure of happiness. An ungodly people can find it under none.

The greatest evils of our day are not a result of economic cause, but of unsound ideals. Poverty, injustice, corruption, graft, exploitation, crime, immorality—these are the fruits of *wrong thinking*, not of *bad things*.

Any generation that forgets the spiritual basis of life is doomed, for spiritual realities mean as much in the life as demonstrable scientific theories. John Wesley's conversion at Aldersgate Street was as significant in the life of the English people as John Stuart Mills' economic theories. The firing of the soul of Abraham Lincoln at the New Orleans slave auction meant more to the nation than the building of the Union Pacific Railroad. Edith Cavell facing a German firing squad unafraid and Cardinal Mercier defying the German hordes in the name of justice were greater victories for the allies than the invention of new gases or high explosives.

Science is accustomed to dealing with observable facts—test-tubes, chemical reactions, molecules, Bunsen burners, microscopic smears, etc., but life has uncounted realities outside the reach of microscopes, telescopes, stethoscopes, chemical reagents and blood-counts.

Science can give a wonderful description of this

marvellous world in which we live; can describe with astonishing skill the processes by which life proceeds and is sustained. But the deepest questions of the race have to do with the meaning of it all.

Is life an accident or a part of a program?

Why are we here? What is the purpose of living?

Can a man know God?

Is there a moral basis for this universe?

Can human life be adjusted to this moral universe?

America's greatest need is not a revision of the tariff, a merchant marine, a favourable trade balance, a new judicial system or an adequate defense policy, but a spiritual interpretation of the universe which will produce a generation of righteous and hopeful men.

Spiritual faith is as necessary in this life, therefore, as quantitative and qualitative analysis.

The thing that distinguishes man from the rest of creation is not his physical equipment, but his spiritual capacity. If any man is to fulfil his function as a man it will not be by excelling the brutes in strength, speed, skill, or expertness, but in that realm in which his natural capacities fit him for excellence—in the spiritual realm.

During my college days I made something of a record as a pole vaulter and broad jumper. My mother exhibited little interest in my victories.

One summer morning as we walked across the fields together down in Oklahoma I was trying to impress her with the importance of my success in the spring track-meet of a few weeks before when suddenly a big jack-rabbit jumped out of the grass and went leaping across the field, covering twenty times his own length at every jump. As mother watched him bounding away she turned to me and said, " Son, do you see that rabbit jump? *And he's never been to college a day in his life.*"

We cannot compete with the jack-rabbit in jumping, with the horse in strength, nor with the dog in running, but, on the other hand, none of the rest of creation can compete with man in spiritual things—for " God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life and he *became a living soul.*"

I have a hand. I am not a hand; I *have* a hand. I have two eyes. I am not two eyes; I *have* two eyes. I have feet, biceps, lungs, features. I am not feet, biceps, lungs nor features; I have them.

I do not have a soul. I AM A SOUL! Being a soul, I cannot lose my soul without losing myself. Whatever degrades, debases, impoverishes, ravages or destroys my soul, destroys me.

All my motives, ideals, hopes, consciousness, will, emotions, dreams, visions, affections and purposes combine to constitute my soul—my personality—my individuality. Any degradation of any of these faculties or qualities is an attack upon my soul—upon me.

The rest of creation can live if it has food, clothing and shelter, but men must have inspirations, hopes, dreams, aspirations and great affections. These are all spiritual products—the result of the operation of spiritual laws as dyes, chemical reactions, leaven, fermentation and crystallization are the results of chemical or physical laws. No scientist can succeed as a scientist and ignore or defy spiritual laws, for " God is a spirit, and they who worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth."

The discovery and explanation of physical laws is the function of the scientist. The discovery of spiritual laws and the interpretation thereof, is the function of religion. Spiritual laws are as real as physical laws. Right is right as surely as acid is acidic.

As men search for God science gives them a picture of Him at His work. Each scientist emphasizes some special characteristic of the Creator. The geologist, telling the story of the hundreds of thousands of years God has spent in making the earth ready for man's habitation, describes His *patience*. The naturalist, sorting through his thousands of specimens, discovers God's *versatility*. The chemist, describing the fixed laws of molecular action, asserts His *reliability*. The biologist, tracing the life-cycle of a cell, depicts His exquisite *craftsmanship*. The astronomer, with his spectroscope, asserts the *dependability* and *majesty* of God.

But none of them, as scientists, give us a personal introduction to the Master Workman. That is the duty of religion. Science leads us up to the window and allows us to look through and see Him at His work. But the heart of the race calls for someone or something that can open the door, escort us in and give us an opportunity to make a personal acquaintanceship.

The various religions have offered us various means of reaching God. But in Jesus of Nazareth Christianity believes mankind will find the complete revelation of the *character* of God. He said, " He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." We cannot expect to find the omnipotence, omniscience and omnipresence of God in Jesus, but we do see, plainly, the amazing and winsome *character* of God. There is nothing of goodness, love, truth, nobility, patience, dignity, compassion, tolerance or charity that we would wish or expect to find in God that we do not find in Jesus. The test of His divinity is not to be found in supernatural births or miraculous works, but in the spiritual understanding and interpretation of life which He gives us.

The world cannot be saved by either science or religion, working alone. Each is a necessary complement of the other. Science produces the materials out of which life can be made beautiful, comfortable and efficient. Religion produces the plans by which it is to have a noble objective and a worthy purpose.

Science discovers the laws of chemistry, but religion teaches the chemist to dedicate these laws and facts to the service of humanity. Science produces a printing press that will print a million newspapers a day, but religion must produce a man who will write a newspaper worth printing a million times. Science puts power into the hands of man and religion teaches him how to use that power that life may become spiritually free and abundant.

Science gives us things out of which to make life and religion gives us the mastery over the things.

Science and religion, therefore, far from being enemies, are partners in the task of saving the world that men may be free.

XVII

THE CAT THAT COULD NOT BACK DOWN

THE Minneapolis Fire Department had a queer call the other day. Out in the northeast section of the city a cat had climbed a tree during a high wind and, too frightened to climb down because of the swaying of the tree in the storm, had clung to the upper branches crying piteously. After the cat had been up in the tree for a day and a night, some sympathetic neighbours called the fire department, and they helped poor pussy down.

Now it is a curious fact that a squirrel can run up or down a tree at will, but a cat is equipped with claws in such a way that climbing is easy, *but to come down it must back down.* This Minneapolis cat was too terrified to back down, and with every sway of the tree it crawled on out among the branches until it could go no farther. Instead of saving itself it had increased its danger, for the upper branches swayed worse and there was less to hold to.

That cat could have saved itself a bad day and night, if it had been able to back down. I know many people who could save themselves many bad

sessions and unhappy experiences if they could learn the gentle art of backing down at the proper time.

Because of pride, stubbornness, ignorance, fear or conceit we find it difficult to admit our mistakes, with the result that we are compelled to face many heavy storms because we cannot back down. Our dilemmas drive us farther and farther into folly until we reach the limit of endurance and call on some outsider for help.

The will that cannot bend is a weak will. The Damascus blade, made of the very finest steel, will bend double under pressure but, when released, springs back into perfect shape again. On the other hand cast iron, the lowest grade of the metal, will break before it will bend the least bit. An unbending, unrelenting will is a low grade piece of human character, but the moral purpose and determination which bends and gives and returns to shape again is the finer spiritual achievement.

People who cannot back down are inevitably involved in a lot of unnecessary trouble. Being unable to admit their mistakes, they are forced to defend every foolish statement, keep every rash promise, make good on every angry threat and prove every peevish assertion. This invariably involves ridiculous consequences, for some of our rash promises had better go unkept; some of our foolish assertions and hasty judgments cannot be proven with honest logic and very few wild threats made in anger are worth fighting for.

There is no dishonour in backing down, if it is done with good judgment and in the interest of fairness. In fact, it is more dishonourable to stick to an erroneous statement or fight for an unworthy cause espoused in anger than to admit one's mistakes, explain to those most interested and make the necessary apologies.

John the Baptist would never have been beheaded if Herod had been able to back down. Jesus would never have been sent off to Golgotha to be crucified if Pilate had been willing to lose his face and sacrifice his pride in order to save his soul. The World War would never have been fought if a few monarchs and governments had been able to back down from unholy alliances and extravagant ambitions.

Many a family quarrel, church split or town row could be healed over night if a few of the trouble-makers were big enough and strong enough to back down. It usually happens that a little backing down on the part of one quarreler lends sufficient courage to the other and he reciprocates with more backing down and a reconciliation is soon effected.

A young wife packs up her clothes and returns to her mother sometime during those first dangerous months of married life, vowing that she will never go back to her husband, until he comes after her with fresh promises and apologies. The young man, on the other hand, nursing his grievance—fancied or real—solemnly swears that he will " rot

in his grave before he will beg her to come back." Thus the days go by and both of them, getting farther and farther apart and "up a tree," are beaten and tossed and wind-whipped into utter misery and wretchedness. How easily they might have been saved from all that unhappiness if one or the other had had enough strength of character to back down a little!

What shall it profit a man if he saveth his pride and loseth his own home?

Two men were exchanging experiences from pioneer days; the one was a westerner from the plains and the other a woodsman from Minnesota.

"And would you believe it," exclaimed the Minnesotaan, "there lay a rattlesnake stretched clear across the road, his tail hidden in the grass on one side of the road and rattling like mad and his ugly head sticking up out of the weeds on the other side of the road."

"Hold on there, now," interrupted the westerner, unable to accept the story without protest, "I was born out west in the rattlesnake country, and I know they do not grow that long. Why, a rattler never gets more than three feet long. I have seen thousands of them."

For half an hour the wordy battle raged, the westerner having in mind the short, thick prairie-rattlers and the broad roads of the plains, while the Minnesotaan was thinking of the giant timber-rattlers and narrow trails through the woods. At

last one man discovered that the other was thinking of a situation entirely different from the one he had in mind and as one lengthened his snake the other narrowed his road, until they came to an agreement.

All of justice is seldom found on one side of a case; some truth is usually found on both sides of an argument; all the piety is never found in one church and honest virtues will be exhibited on some occasions by both political parties. We are doomed to unhappiness, quarrels, disputes and despair unless we learn to lengthen our snakes and narrow our roads.

He who lacks the ability to back down at the proper time makes an unreasonable business partner, an irritating travelling companion, a tyrannical boss, a stern and unlovely parent and an impossible husband.

But no home can be long happy, and no business can be long successful if one partner must do all the backing down.

" We have been married twenty-three years and my wife has never admitted on a single occasion that she was ever wrong," said a restless husband to the judge. " I have offered all the apologies, started all the reconciliations, accepted all the humiliations, made all the peace overtures and done all the backing down, ever since we were married."

Blessed is the backer-down providing he doesn't have to do it all the time!

XVIII

THE DOCTOR'S LETTER

MONDAY morning's mail always brings a big pile of letters from folk who have listened to my radio talk on Saturday night. Many are appreciative, a few are anonymous, some are critical, of course, but now and then one is so suggestive that I wish I could share it with my listeners. About one such I want to write.

At the bottom of the stack of letters left on my desk by the postman one morning was a long envelope addressed in a woman's handwriting. Upon opening it I found a couple of sheets of yellow paper torn from an office desk-pad, a newspaper clipping and a sheet of feminine stationery.

I glanced at the yellow sheets and saw that they were a letter addressed to me in a man's handwriting and unsigned. The newspaper clipping told the story of the death of a country physician, Dr. Robert L. Wiseman, of Pine City, Minnesota, and the remarkable tribute paid to " the beloved physician " by the country and townsfolk of all that section of the state. On the woman's stationery was a very brief note about as follows:

Dear Doctor Smith:

I am enclosing herewith a letter which I found yesterday among my husband's papers. It was addressed to you and, though he did not finish it, I am sure he would want me to mail it to you. The illness which resulted in his death a few weeks ago doubtless prevented him from finishing the letter, copying it, and sending it on to you. I thought you would be interested in reading his word to you inasmuch as it comes from one who greatly enjoyed your " fireside philosophy " and gave his life to the service of his fellow-men in the name of the " great physician."

Very sincerely yours,
Mrs. Robert L. Wiseman.

I took up the newspaper clipping and began reading it again, this time more carefully.

In 1897 Robert Wiseman, a young man of thirty just graduated from the medical school of the University of Minnesota, opened an office and began the practise of medicine at Pine City, Minnesota. The country all about was in a state of desolation following the passing of the lumbering industry. Most of his patients lived in single-room log cabins at the edge of some dreary tamarack swamp or in lonely settler's shacks hurriedly thrown together on some quarter section of " cut over land." Over corduroy roads, the decaying logs of which were half afloat in mud and water, through tamarack swamps where his horses sank up to their bellies, across creaking, cracking ice, through storm and

heat, wind and driving sleet the doctor had gone for thirty years to minister to hardy pioneers carving a commonwealth out of the wilderness.

When the telephone wires were strung through the county and roads were improved, an automobile was purchased in order that the increasing calls might be met. Two pieces of equipment he always carried with him—a stump-pulling outfit with which to get himself out of the mud when mired down, and an improvised litter on which he could remove to a hospital such patients as could not be safely treated in their backwoods shack-homes.

In 1918 the great Moose Lake forest fire swept across thousands of acres and for many hours Doctor Wiseman toiled without rest, bandaging up the burned and agonizing victims. Some time in the midst of the excitement he lunched on some tainted meat. One of the party died almost immediately, all were desperately ill, and the physician developed an ailment from the infection that caused his death eight years afterward.

During most of those thirty years Doctor Wiseman was a trustee of the Presbyterian Church, but so universal were his interests, so broad his sympathies and so real was his religion that a Roman Catholic priest and a Methodist minister came in to assist in his funeral service and add their eulogies to the tribute paid him by his own pastor.

Thousands of settlers, farmers, backwoodsmen, school children and townsfolk, many of whom

owed their lives and health to him, crowded into the little town armory or stood about in the streets outside to pay their tribute to the man who, forgetting himself, had served his community with his life.

As I took up the yellow sheets after reading the newspaper clipping they seemed to be invested with a new sanctity. They were like a communication from the other world. It seemed to me they brought a message almost divinely inspired. The doctor had written as follows:

Dear Rev. Smith:

I heard your little talk over the radio and enjoyed it. My family also enjoyed it.

I was particularly impressed by one sentence you uttered—"Christianity teaches but does not restrict." I was glad to hear you say that, for that has been my idea of Christianity for a long time, and I have often wondered why the churches could not see the light—could not see that in all things affecting the conduct of the human race for good or bad, that they could be taught, but at once resent restriction.

At once a thought came to me like a dream—almost a prayer. Suppose you, an ardent Christian, should suddenly become a victim of modified amnesia and should forget all you had ever heard of the Church, of theology—had forgotten everything except an academic education with all church and religious history eliminated—in fact, had forgotten everything connected with religion and its practise except the teachings of the Bible.

Now, when you were in this state of mind, suppose Christ had come to you and commanded, "Go preach my gospel, and take commands or corrections from no man."

Then go into your pulpit in that state of mind and preach freely, forcibly from your Bible as Christ ordered—I leave the rest to your imagination.

Here the letter ended. What more the doctor might have written if he had been permitted to finish his message no one knows, but in those two yellow pages I had been commissioned to preach the greatest sermon I will ever preach.

I have thought much about that sermon, and if I am ever able to deliver it I believe it will be as significant because of the things left unsaid as because of the things actually said. For if I am to depend upon Jesus' own words for my suggestions there will be almost no mention of many matters that have been getting a great deal of pulpit attention in America of late.

In the first place, that sermon will deal principally with the religion *of* Jesus, and only incidentally with the religion *about* Jesus; seldom do we seriously dispute the religion *of* Jesus which consists of simple, earnest teachings concerning honesty, sincerity, forgiveness, trust, charity, kindliness, obedience, reverence, brotherhood of men and the fact of God's fatherhood. The religion *about* Jesus concerns itself with such questions as the

manner of His birth, the exact relation of the human and the divine in His nature, what mode of baptism He endorsed, does the sacramental wine and bread contain His blood and body or do they symbolize His death, and how? Concerning all these questions there is a wide divergence of honest opinion among earnest and devout men.

Therefore, taking the words of Jesus as my sole authority, I will say little about the virgin birth, for Jesus, Himself, never mentioned it. I will spend little time on the question of baptism, for Jesus referred to this incident in His ministry on only one occasion. I will declare that the form in which the Lord's Supper is administered is of little consequence so long as it is "*in memory of Him.*"

If forms and modes are fundamental, Jesus would have been explicit in His directions concerning their observance. He was explicit enough in all matters concerning the spirit of honesty, tolerance, goodwill and real piety.

That sermon will make no reference to many matters over which the denominations have quarrelled bitterly and split asunder. No question of the proper form of church government will be considered. Whether congregational, synodical or episcopalian system of organization is the one divinely favoured will not be considered, for Jesus gave it no attention. That question must be settled according to the personal judgments of men, but every group of Christians is under obligations to

organize their church along such lines as will make it the most effective agency of their efforts to spread the religion *of* Jesus.

Very little will be said about the creeds. Jesus sought to introduce men into a happier way of living; into new attitudes of mind and heart; not to theories of the atonement and incarnation. In fact, Jesus did not claim for Himself the attributes of God, but He did insist that He exhibited the character of God. The theological disputes of nineteen centuries of Christian thinking have assisted greatly in an understanding of Jesus' remarkable personality, but concerning the way of living that Jesus undertook to inaugurate we need nothing more than His own words—they are plain enough.

The religion about Jesus is important. The human mind is incurably curious. It is not satisfied to enjoy the beauty of the flower—it must know how the flower grows, what forces form its stamens, petals and corolla. But there is great danger that, in picking the flower to pieces to find the secret of its growth we shall so distort and destroy it that we will lose its beauty forever. Likewise, we are in danger of spending so much time and energy arguing the precise nature of Jesus' divinity that we shall lose our appreciation of the beauty of the life He lived among us.

The religion about Jesus changes men's thinking and leaves their living untouched and unredeemed.

It appeals to their intellect, but not to their will or emotions. It never brings men under conviction of sin, creates no ambition for holiness and stirs no great passionate desires to see righteousness prevail. It is a creature of logic, not of life, and no generation has ever yet been redeemed through intellectuality alone.

The world is just now in desperate need of a religious leadership which will restore humanity's confidence in the eternal value of chastity, modesty, faith, truth, goodwill, reverence, peacemaking and charity. It has lost confidence in many of its old moral landmarks and is adrift in a sea of moral uncertainty. Never was the average man more in doubt as to the real meanings and significances of life. Thousands of bewildered folk are asking, " Is there anything in life so much worth while that we are justified in sacrificing today's pleasures for the sake of obtaining it? " For this question the religion about Jesus has no satisfactory answer, but it was for precisely this question that Jesus came into the world to give an answer.

Suppose that for one year the Christian pulpits of America should preach exclusively about the religion of Jesus. Suppose that every text should be chosen from the words of Jesus, that every sermon was an exposition of some attitude or principle of life which He declared was trustworthy. A great many interesting themes would be omitted during the year—themes which have a place and value,

such as the relation of science to religion, the place of religion in art and literature, the psychology of prayer, etc. But I am convinced that a moral and religious revival would follow this preaching such as this world has never yet seen—a revival which would automatically solve many social and international problems, for with confidence restored in the principles of brotherhood which Jesus taught, men would begin to live in a brotherly fashion.

The sermon which Doctor Wiseman challenges me to preach must liberate men, not lay new burdens upon them. It must plead for those attitudes of life which will mean enlarged happiness, increased liberty, and a whole-hearted expression of the best impulses men find within themselves. It must encourage men to trust these best impulses, to believe in them, to live by them. It must not make up a new list of *things they must do*, but hold up Jesus' ideal of *what they can become.*

Some day I hope to be able to preach the doctor's sermon!

XIX

TEN TERRIBLE TYRANTS

WE say that America is the "land of the free," but most of us are slaves—bound to habits, dispositions, tempers or temperaments. Many a man who signs the pay-roll for a thousand men is not his own boss.

"Wait 'till I roll a cigarette," says a young fellow in the midst of a business conference, and no matter how important the subject under discussion, everything has to stop while he obeys his "master's voice." "I can't do a thing until I have a cup of coffee," declares the nervous woman in explanation of her delay as she pays tribute to her tyrant. Many a man who can boss a regiment cannot master his own tongue, yet "he that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city."

Strange to say, some folk actually boast of their servitude. "I never change an opinion," says an iron-jaw woman with a built-in frown. "I'm pretty well set in my ways," explains a thin-lipped gentleman. Both think that obstinacy is a virtue and that a will that cannot bend is a strong one.

We can throw off these tyrannies if we set our

will to do so, but never until we begin tugging at our chains do we realize how securely we are bound. Emancipation becomes a matter of determination, but freedom is the reward, and reward enough it is to justify any effort.

It is a surprising fact that no tyrant rules over us without our permission. "The consent of the governed" is an established law of personal conduct as of politics. Of course these things seldom appear, first, as tyrants. They more likely apply for their positions garbed as servants, but as they go about their way, unsupervised, they set up their tyrannies. Casual observation will reveal the fact that there are at least ten common and very terrible tyrants to one or more of which all of us are somewhat subject.

Worry. Worry is a bootlegger of trouble, an illegitimate child of ambition, a serpent that will ruin any Eden, a spiritual bandit who steals your peace of mind and a common thief who snatches the fruit of the most hard-earned victory. He begins as an honest solicitude and, fattening on trouble, becomes a relentless monster.

Worry compels us to cross bridges that were never built, fight battles with phantom antagonists and prepare for dangers that fade away before we get to them. Look at the faces about you and notice the scars left there by conflicts with worry.

Worry and imagination are twin foes of tranquility and efficiency.

No man ever did a better day's work because he worried all the night before. Worry never helped us pass an examination, write an editorial, patch a tire, preach a sermon, settle a quarrel or escape illness. Every physician knows that an easy mind is the best medicine and that those least worried are easiest cured.

The man who worries is suffering from a breakdown of self-confidence. Nobody who believes in himself ever worries. The strong man does his best, trusts in God to do His best and lies down to rest believing that tomorrow will be the best it can be.

Rise up, then, ye worriers, and break your chains! Nothing is so bad that worrying will not make it worse. Nothing is so hopeless as it seems to you. God is always on the side of the man who is making an effort. Spend your strength in believing, not in worrying!

Self-Pity. Sympathy is a spiritual narcotic which must be administered with great care.

If wisely administered it dulls the pains of life's disappointments and conflicts, but if given in doses too large or over too long a time the patient becomes a pity-addict, and no more pathetic state of soul has this world ever seen.

The patient who is kept alive on sympathy develops a craving for pity and will find a way to give it to himself if no one else is near to apply its soothing suggestions. In time it blinds the judg-

ment, paralyzes the will and sets up an infection in the emotions.

The best antidote is work in the open air, a hearty laugh or anything that will divert the mind of the sufferer from himself. If you find your sympathy is not stimulating the patient to action, stop the treatment at once lest a worse harm shall be worked.

Superstition. Millions of Americans are living in the voodoo age; wearing secret charms, carrying rabbits' feet, consulting ouija boards, devoutly studying the horoscope columns of the daily papers, borrowing books on astrology and reading the cards. Palmists, fortune tellers, spiritualists' mediums, crystal gazers, necromancers and an army of charlatans make a luxurious living preying on the fears and superstitions of the gullible.

Superstition is fear's clumsy effort to disguise itself as reason. One must not present his friend with a knife or any other cutting instrument lest the ties of friendship be severed. The funeral cortege must not stop enroute to the grave lest another member of the family be overtaken by death. The slave of superstition never knows one moment of freedom.

Superstition is fear of the thing we do not understand. When we understand we do not fear—we take precautions. For every effect in this universe there must be some adequate cause. Therefore, education helping us to understand the

methods of God and religion helping us to understand the character of God, working together, emancipate us from fear and superstition.

It is impossible to think of charms, spells, "hants," curses, hoodoos, jinx and the sermon on the mount as both coming from God. The better we understand God the more foolish our superstitions seem.

Try walking up to your fears, sneering at them and brushing by with splendid scorn. Try ignoring all signs and omens for one day and see how much happier you are at the end of the day, to say nothing of the increased results. Use your judgment, get your facts, plan well in advance, "know your stuff," and your luck will take care of itself.

They. What terrible tyranny THEY exercise over us!

Beginning with a decent respect for public opinion we gradually sacrifice our independent judgment and get lost in the mob mind. We give up personal tastes, convictions, opinions, preferences and ideals and accept, almost without protest, those that THEY thrust upon us.

For fear of what THEY will say, we wear outlandish clothes, comb our hair in ridiculous styles, swelter in the summer and freeze in the winter, wear colours that outrage all decency, buy automobiles we cannot afford, read books that do not interest us, rave over pictures that insult our intelligence and vote the party ticket straight.

THEY have kept timid geniuses from venturing, suffocated ideas that would have liberated humanity and smothered reforms that would have meant new eras of social justice. How comfortable we would be if THEY would let us! How great would be our faith, how wholesome our fun, how clean our lives!

THEY have no right to thus tyrannize over us. Any man's opinion is as good as any other man's so long as it is backed by facts and founded on reason. Your thinking is as good as any other man's so long as there are no kinks in it. Your ideas are as valuable as any man's if they are bullet proof and sturdy.

God's majorities are moral, not mathematical. THEY are always in the minority if God is against them.

"*The Latest.*" "The Latest" is an insatiable old tyrant always imposing new demands. For his sake we have crucified Beauty on a cross of brass and offered up foul incense unto strange gods of hideous forms.

For the sake of the latest best seller we have left the old masterpieces unread and waded through volumes of drivel. For the sake of the latest "hit" we have tossed winsome old melodies into the discard and swayed and wriggled to the rhythm of the forest tom-tom.

We do not ask, "Is this becoming?" but "Is it modern?" Our ultimate test is not good taste but

"Is it the latest?" As an inevitable result we have art that is distinguished by cubism, music that is satisfied with syncopation, religion that is easy to take, education by "four easy lessons by mail," and newspapers that are purveyors of moral sewage.

It is better to read and master one great book than to have hurried through a thousand "best sellers" which do not deserve to live long enough for the ink to dry. One great song that becomes a part of our life, nerving us to meet great temptations, is worth more than a thousand ditties sung in hilarity.

He who accepts servitude under "The Latest" may expect to be driven always by the lash. He will spend his life loading and unloading intellectual baggage but the train will never leave the sheds.

Get a firm grip on a few eternals. Fix your faith to a few things that do not need to be forgotten. Pick out a port and head for it. *Sail* somewhere!

Prejudice. A prejudice is a conviction in its dotage.

Beginning life as an honest opinion, prejudice develops a bad case of egotism, refuses to listen to reason, slams the door in the face of facts and pouts in seclusion, an intellectual exile and an unreasoning tyrant.

Religious prejudice keeps the churches fighting each other when they ought to be warring on evil.

Political prejudices sacrifice the common weal for party power. Racial and national prejudices sow the seeds that blossom in red war. Class prejudices disrupt nations, ruin prosperity and waste lives and treasure.

The man who holds the prejudice invariably pays the bulk of the cost. No man can afford to support a prejudice; it costs too much in peace of mind, serenity of soul and tranquility of spirit. One man shut himself out of all churches, away from his friends, and denied himself the privilege of worship for twenty years, all because of an unfortunate experience with a shrewd horse-trading parson. The preacher beat him in a trade, but his own prejudice stunted his soul for twenty years. No parson could have done him the injury his prejudices have.

Sign a new Declaration of Independence! Demand that your prejudices submit to reason or vacate their throne. If they cannot justify their existence, make war on them. They have never befriended you. Show them to the door! Usher them out! Their arrogance and tyranny entitle them to no courtesy.

Prejudice is no sign of strength, but a symbol of bondage. The weakest may hold a prejudice. Only the strongest are strong enough to be free. The smaller the soul the stronger his prejudices become and the more pathetic his bondage.

Money. A man's life does not consist of the

things he owns, but the things he thinks. The writer of the Old Testament Proverbs says, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," but we have been saying, "As a man driveth an expensive car, so is he," or , "As his wife weareth a fur coat, so is he."

Money never made any man happier who would not have been happy without it. No canary was ever known to refuse to sing because it did not have two nests, or because another canary had a more beautiful cage . No man is rich until he is independently rich—so rich in ideas, inspirations, hopes and faith that he can be happy independently of money.

Busyness. There is a big difference between business and busyness. It is said that Judge Gary's desk is never cluttered up with a mess of papers and documents. A slender vase with a single rose in it is all that appears on top of the desk across which millions of dollars' worth of business passes in review every week. The life of many little moderns, on the other hand, is much like a Woolworth window—jammed full of trifles—small talk, small interests, small tasks, small ideals, small hopes, small pleasures.

Such small things arouse us to such great excitement—parties, publicity, petty offices, styles, dates, cross-word puzzles, cosmetics. We deliberate with such meticulous care over such trifles—the exact colour of the talcum, the precise shape of a cigar,

the compact box, the flavour of the tea, the tint of the hair! And all the while worlds are tumbling down over our heads.

We have been using hundred horsepower talents on two ponypower tasks! *Giants contented to serve Lilliputians!*

The sin of the Bethlehem innkeeper was not impiety nor blasphemy, but he allowed his place to get so crowded that there was no room left in it for the birth of a king.

Beware of the tyranny of trifles!

Alibis. An alibi is an anæsthetic that a coward administers to himself in the presence of a painful or difficult duty.

The world is full of "subjunctive heroes"—men and women who ought, could, would or should be something but are not. They have been torpedoed by their own alibis.

Youth never contracts a more dangerous habit than that of excusing himself in the presence of difficulty. The alibi habit is worse than the drug habit. Drugs destroy the body, but an alibi-addict is suffering from cancer of the soul. The alibi-shooter can find a hundred good reasons why failure is honourable but remains blind to the fact that victory was possible. If the deadly alibi-virus gets into a man's moral system then ambition, initiative, originality, enterprise and hope die out of his soul.

Success. The most critical and dangerous day in

the life of any man is the one on which he does his best work, pitches his best game, preaches his best sermon, signs up his biggest order. From that day on he must excel his own best or go down to defeat. He is in a race with his past.

Alice in Wonderland tells the story of a country where people have to keep running to stay where they are. To be continually successful one must constantly improve.

Success always makes more success necessary. Marion Talley created a sensation the first time she appeared with the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company. Poor Little Marion Talley! She must do it again—and again—and *she must do it bigger each next time*. Tomorrow must always outdo today as much as today outdoes yesterday.

To the great souls—the sincere ones—success is always still in the future. Michelangelo died just when he thought he was becoming his best. Galileo went to his grave dreaming of the great tasks he was about to begin which should be the greatest of his life. Louis Pasteur sighed as death drew near because of the greater tasks left untouched just outside the reach of his finger-tips.

The beginning of life is in the mastery of self. True freedom is only to be found in self-government.

By keeping yourself physically fit you still the clamours of a mutinous body and make it the servant of your soul.

By mastering your mind you are able to concentrate all your powers upon a given task. Meanwhile little distractions whine and scratch at your door in vain.

By keeping faith with your own conscience you slam the door on worry and remorse and sit down to your work in peace and seriousness.

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